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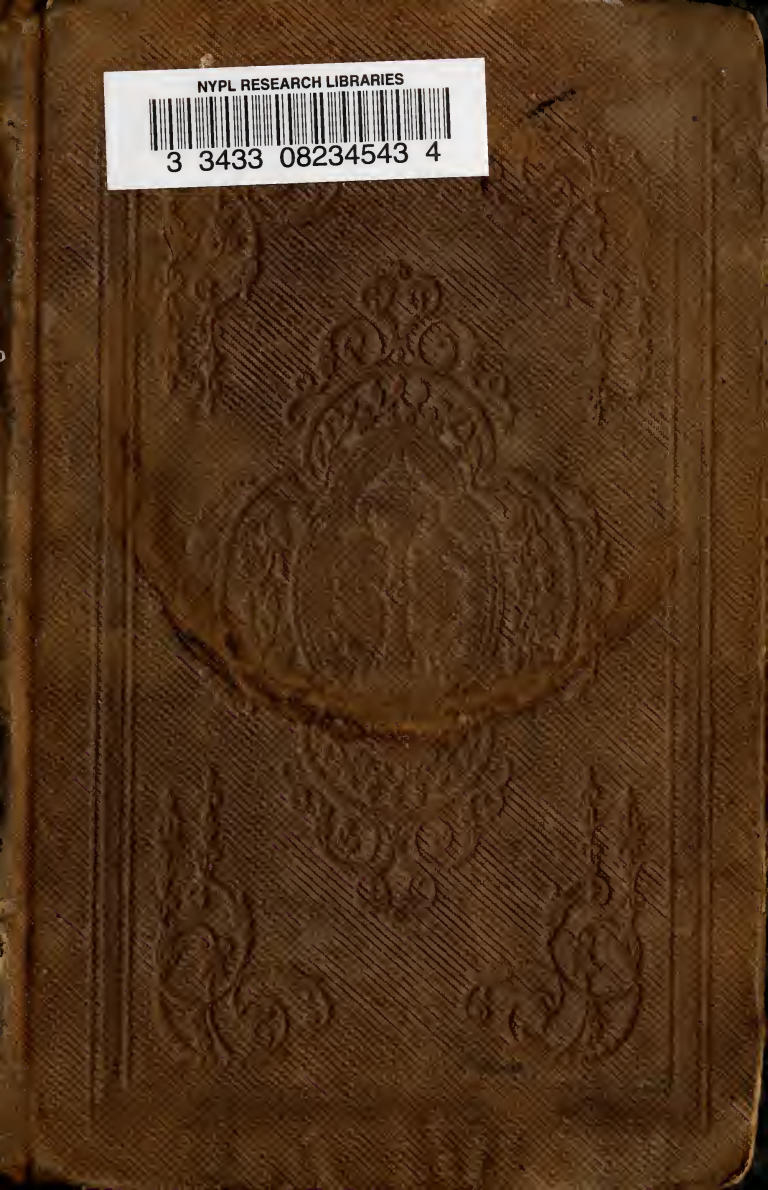

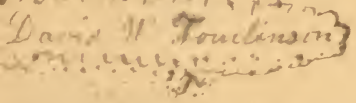

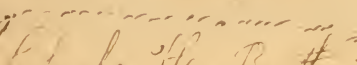

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See Page 126.

THE

TWO HALF DOLLARS,

AND OTHER TALES.

A

GIFT FOR CHILDREN.

WITH THIRTEEN ENGRAVINGS.

[By Mrs Adeline E. Gould]

BOSTON:
TAPPAN AND DENNET.
1844.

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PREFACE.

Most of the following stories and rhymes for children were found among the papers of Mrs. Adeline E. Gould, and are offered to her friends as a slight memorial of her, while they serve the purpose to which the amiable writer would have devoted them, the gratification of children. The engravings are from designs drawn in her album by a sister, while she wrote the lines which accompany them, to beguile the tedious hours of declining health.

One of the stories has been partly re-written to suit the present purpose, and others, which were adapted to a more advanced age, have been laid by, perhaps for future publication; in consequence of which the latter part of the volume is filled by another pen.

A. W. A.

WQR 19FEB'36

CONTENTS.

Henry and Marianne, - - - - - - 7
Henry, - - - - - - - - - 17
The Two Half Dollars, - - - - - 19
The Benevolent Child, - - - - - 44
An Invitation, - - - - - - - 61
The Little Runaway, - - - - - 64
A Wreath for Dear Henry, - - - - 85
The Life of a Cent, - - - - - - 87
Cruel Amusements, - - - - - - 97
The Orphan Boy, - - - - - - 111
Botanical Party, - - - - - - 114
Extracts from a School Newspaper, - - - 121
A Strange Animal, - - - - - - 127
A Dream, - - - - - - - - 131
The Dull Boy, - - - - - - - 138

THE TWO HALF DOLLARS.

HENRY AND MARIANNE.

Henry Hayward was three years and a half older than his little sister Marianne. Strangers who saw him, and observed his animated movements, his strong, tall figure, and his open countenance, often exclaimed, "What a fine boy!" His friends thought him a fine little fellow, indeed,—but not merely because he was healthy and bright. He was also sweet-tempered and generous, and did not take advantage of his strength to tyranize over the weak. He would not hurt even a fly, or a spider, and so gentle was he in his treatment of animals, that the dog and cat had a special friendship for him, and would follow him all over the grounds; and the chickens would eat from his hand.

He would often prefer playing in the nursery, even in fine weather, that he might be near his little sister. Twenty times in an hour he would leave his play to rub his smooth plump cheek over hers, and kiss her, with some little expression of tenderness or admiration. Baby would wink and look puzzled, as his long curls swept over her eyes, but soon learned to reply to his endearments with a smile and a *cooing* note, and toss up her little arms whenever he approached. His name was the first word she tried to speak. It was Henry who steadied her wavering steps when she first began to walk; and even at this early age, he appeared to glory in the name of brother, and the natural right of being the especial protector and support of a sister. It cannot be denied that the little Marianne was rather disposed to abuse this sentiment; and if her eye chanced to fall upon some little toy which he had placed out of her reach, because her untaught grasp would spoil it, she would set up a passionate scream, which changed into laughter

or bird-like music, when he resigned to her the object of her desire, and calmly acquiesced in its ruin.

One day his grandfather brought him a gaily painted wagon. Henry took one eager look at it, before he bounded away to the nursery with a doll that had come for Marianne. It was made of cloth, and both strong and soft, and just the thing, he thought, for baby to delight in; but the capricious little lady received it with much indifference.

He returned to the parlor, and remained contentedly during his grandfather's visit; but no sooner had the old gentleman departed, than Henry was marching off to the nursery with his little wagon.

"Stop, stop—" cried his mother, "Don't let Marianne see that—she will insist on having it, and it is not strong. Amuse yourself with it a few days, at least, before you show it to her."

The little boy tried to look satisfied, and drew it across the carpet, took in a load of spools from the work table, and sold them

singly to all the chairs and tables—then collected them again, and sold them by wholesale to his mother. As he walked backward, holding the ribbon in his hand, and watching the whirling wheels, he said to himself, "Oh how much baby would like to see this nice wagon of mine!" For though his little sister had learned to use her feet, and could with tolerable steadiness make the tour of the nursery, he still called her by the endearing name of baby. "Dear mother—do let me go a very little while, and wheel my wagon in the nursery?"

"No, my son; not at present. You have so often yielded your playthings to baby, that she will expect this, and will cry if you keep wheeling it round without giving it to her."

"She shall not cry—she shall wheel it too, dear mother."

"And then, my dear boy, she will break it all to pieces."

"Henry shook his head sorrowfully at this prediction. He again walked the room, and dragged the brightly colored toy after

him—taking apparently less and less interest in it. At last his mother missed the rattling of the wheels, and looking up, saw him sitting with his cheek resting upon his hand, looking very disconsolate. Catching her eye, he looked earnestly in her face, and said, "No, mamma, she *won't* break it all to pieces—and I do not care if she should—for I am tired of it, and I do not want it, if baby may not see it too. Look—see—mamma !—how fast I can whirl the wheels and they do not break !"

His mother could no longer resist. She loved the unselfish disposition which could not enjoy an unshared good, and thought experience would best teach him to add a little prudence to his generosity. "You may go then, Henry—I see you cannot be content otherwise. But first give me one kiss." So saying, she pressed him to her bosom with the fervent joy of a mother's heart; he cordially returned the embrace, and then ran off in high glee, triumphantly drawing the wagon after him, and calling to nurse to open the door, long before she could hear the sound of his voice.

Mr. Hayward was there caressing the little girl, when Henry rushed into the room, crying, "Look, baby—look! See my nice new wagon! But, as his mother had foreseen, baby was not contented with *looking;* the glittering toy must be brought to her very feet—then she must have it placed in her hands. Her eye was soon satisfied, and then she began to try an experiment upon the fragile wheels, by pulling them with all her infant might.

"Oh! But—baby—that 's not the way dear; let brother show you!" cried Henry, attempting to take it from her. The little elf knew better than to quit her hold, and so little effect had Henry's gentle remonstrance, that the wheel, by a sudden jerk, was severed from the body, and a second in the same manner, before her father could interfere. As for the boy, he stood a moment in consternation at the complete ruin of his pretty wagon—then looking at his father, who watched the scene with a parent's eye, he said stoutly, brushing one little tear from his cheek,

"Well, papa—perhaps I can make another, if you will lend me your jack-knife. Marianne must have this, now."

"Dear, patient little fellow," exclaimed his father, putting his arm round him, "Yes—let her have this—and you shall be rewarded."

Henry soon began to laugh to see her running about the nursery, with the remains of the wagon rolling and hopping after her, sometimes on the top, sometimes on the side, knocking against the chairs, strewing the floor with red, green, and yellow fragments. His mother had been aware that it was but slightly glued together, and was not surprised at its fate.

Some weeks after this, when Henry had entirely forgotton his little wagon, except when some brightly colored fragment chanced to meet his eye, he heard his father calling "Henry! Henry!" at the foot of the stairs. He was playing horse with Marianne.

"There—let me go, Marianne—there's a good little sister—for papa has something

very pleasant to tell me—I know by his voice."

"No—no!" she cried, beginning to raise her usual scream.

"Bring Marianne with you," said the same kind, cheerful voice. There never was a boy better acquainted with kind tones than Henry, for every one loved him. He felt that the *tone* of his father's voice gave him joy that the pleasure that awaited him, whatever it was, was one that Marianne could share. He descended as quickly as possible with his little charge,—mamma put on her hood and cloak, and threw a shawl over her own shoulders, and they all went out into the piazza.

Could Henry believe his eyes! There stood a miniature chariot, with two seats; the whole just large enough to accommodate himself and Marianne. It was made so light, that he could draw it himself, with baby in it.

"This is papa's present to you," said his mother, as he stood speechless with delight and wonder. "He gave directions to have

it made, on the day when grandpapa's gift was destroyed. See how strong it is! How broad the wheels are! You will not be apt to overturn it—and baby cannot spoil it.

Henry seized his father's hand, and covered it with kisses, while his mother lifted Marianne into the wagon.

"Now jump in, Henry," said Mr. Hayward, "and I will give you both a ride."

"No—if you please, papa, I had rather draw Marianne across the piazza first, just to see if I *can*."

Finding it very easy to do this, he begged to have it lifted down the steps, that he might give her a ride about the garden; but his father put him in, and drew them both up and down the alleys till tea-time. Henry could hardly compose himself to rest that night, for thinking of the pleasant rides he should give his little sister; and when sleep at last closed his weary eyes, he dreamed of tackling Jowler into the little carriage.

As Marianne grew older, she became more sensible of the difference between

"mine" and "thine," and she soon learned of her good-natured little brother to be generous in her turn, and discovered that the truest pleasure is to be found in promoting the happiness of others.

HENRY.

"Oh! pretty bird! bright pretty bird!
Pray do not fly away!
I'll hurt you not, upon my word;
Stay, little warbler, stay!"

She will not stay—away she flies,
And Henry sighs depressed;
But stop—what meets his eager eyes!
It is her little nest.

Four tiny birds, with half-fledged wings,
Are nestling soft together;
He will not harm the pretty things,
Nor touch one single feather.

For Henry knows full well that they
Would pine away and die,
Should he convey the nest away,
Ever so carefully.

"Yes, little birds, stay where you are,
He'll bring you crumbs of bread;
But leave you to your mother's care,
By whom you're warmed and fed.

And when you've learned to skim along,
Or soar aloft in air,
O give the little boy one song,
To thank him for his care.

THE TWO HALF DOLLARS.

"Come, spring up and dress yourselves, little boys, it is a bright cheerful morning," said Sophia Brown to her little brothers, George and Augustus, who were soundly sleeping in their little, warm bed. It was a cold, clear day in December.

"But, Sophy, you need not call so loud, nor wake me so early," said George; "I know it is not time to get up, and I will sleep a little longer. So saying, he drew the clothes warmly round his neck, and laid himself down to finish his nap.

Augustus, who loved his sister fondly, started from his bed, and, assisted by Sophia, was soon ready to go below.

"How I love you, kind sister Sophy," said the obedient little boy, "for staying up in the cold to tie my tire, and comb my hair. I wish George would get up, and then you would fix him too."

"Take care of yourself, if you please,"

said George, pettishly—"I can dress when I am ready."

As they left the chamber, Sophia put back her head and said—"You do not know who came to see us and spend the night, after you went to bed, George!"

"It is my uncle William, is it not," cried he, starting from his pillow—"and why could not you tell me before, and then I could have been dressed as quickly as Augustus. And my uncle will call me lazy and lie-a-bed"—said he, bursting into tears —"you were cross not to tell me, Sophy—you love Augustus best, you know you do."

"Stop crying, George, and think a moment. I did not tell Augustus that uncle was here. He is a good boy and rose because he was called. If he is willing to wait till you are dressed, we will all go down together."

"That I will," said Augustus, "and I will help you too, if you will not cry. Here is your jacket, brother, and I can tie your shoes while sister Sophy is combing your hair. There! now we are ready—and now for uncle William—Huzza!"

The boys were soon standing at their uncle's knee, while he stroked their heads and caressed them fondly, asking many questions about their school, their books, and amusements.

"What do you like best of all to do when the holidays come, and you are not obliged to get any lessons or go to school, George?

"Oh!—I like to catch fish with my little hook and line—down here in the brook—and to fly my kite—and to run about the fields and find birds' nests,—and to swim my boat, and—and—

"Well—that will do. What do you like, Augustus?"

"I like to run about the fields too, uncle; but I had rather find wild flowers for sister Sophy than rob birds' nests, and I do not love to catch fish—but I cannot tell you what I love best to do, because you will laugh at me, and call me girl, as George does."

No, I will not, my dear little fellow—let us hear."

"Then—uncle"—said the little boy, hes-

itatingly, "I love best to sit with my sister, and read my story books to her, while she is at work."

"Well—you shall each of you be gratified. George, you shall have a new boat and wheelbarrow—and to you, master Augustus, shall be given the same value in new books."

"Thank you, thank you, dear uncle," said both the boys in a breath.

"And here"—said the indulgent uncle, taking from his pocket two bright half dollars, "here is a little money for you, boys; spend it as you like, and if either of you make a good bargain, you may tell me about it when I come in the spring to see you again. If you do not wish to tell me, however, recollect I do not require it of you."

"Oh! I shall be glad to tell you uncle," said George. "I dare say I shall get a good dollars' worth for my fifty cents. I know how to make a bargain, you shall see."

"And what do you think about it, Augustus?" said Sophia, "shall you show

ourself as experienced in making a bargain as George?"

"I don't know, sister, but I do not mean that my uncle's present shall go for a trifle," said he, as he put it carefully in the little green silk purse which his sister had given him, and admired the silver shining through the net-work.

Month after month rolled away. The snow melted from the banks, the pond no longer presented a field of ice on which the merry little school-boys could exercise their skates; here and there the green grass began to show itself, and the trees were coming forward into foliage and bloom.

The little birds were singing happily in the hedges one bright morning, when our little boys suspended their play in the court to look at a carriage that drove in—and as soon as the door was opened, they rushed forward, each eager to get the first embrace from the good uncle who had some months before made them so happy in his visit.

Scarcely had he seated himself on the sofa in the parlor, when George, pressing

close to his side, and elbowing Augustus out of the way, called for attention. "Uncle," said he, "do you remember our half dollars? Ask Augustus, if you please, what he has done with his—he will not tell me, and I bet a dozen marbles it has gone for cakes and pies. He would not be ashamed to tell, else."

"And what have you done with yours, George?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Oh! I shall quickly show you." And the little fellow ran out of the room to get his purchase for his uncle's approval. His steps were soon heard returning, and he entered with a most mysterious looking box under his arm. Putting it on the carpet, he proceeded to state the circumstances of his purchase, before exhibiting it for the admiration of his friends.

"I kept my half dollar safe a good while, uncle," said he, "before I thought I could make a good bargain; and I thought some of buying a bust of Lafayette, or Washington with it, once—but I had scarcely money enough for that; and I almost took a watch

a pedlar wanted to sell me—it looked like a *real*, good one—but I was too sharp for him —I held it to my ear and found it would not tick, and was good for nothing. At last John Simpson brought me something I thought I should like; and as he asked a good deal more than my half dollar for it, I thought when he agreed to take that for pay, I had made a good bargain. You shall see." So saying, he began cautiously to remove the cover, and when he had raised it, he presented a bit of gingerbread at the opening.

"Why does he not come and eat?" said he, almost crying.

"What have you got there, George?" said Sophia.

"My little rabbit." Lifting the cover still higher he saw the little animal reposing quietly in the corner of the box, and so natural were its posture, and the bright black eyes which were wide open, that he did not immediately perceive it was dead. He approached his hand slowly, and finding that the usually timid creature did not move at

his touch, he burst into tears, exclaiming, "He is dead—he is dead!"

And in truth, the closeness of the confinement, and separation at too early a period from his mother, had proved fatal to the little animal for which George had paid his half dollar.

When he had conquered in some measure the violence of his grief and disappointment, Augustus could not help teazing him a little about his purchase. "I could have bought a full grown rabbit for the money you gave for this poor little thing, George," said he, "so don't brag any more about your bargains."

"You are ashamed to tell what you did with your money," retorted George; "and if I did for once make a mistake, I am not such a glutton as to spend my money for sweatmeats."

"Uncle," said Augustus, "I did not spend my half-dollar in the way George thinks I did. But," he added, looking down, "I acknowledge I did not make a good bargain —for I gave it away."

"A likely story, indeed!" cried his brother. "Who do you think will believe you?"

"I will," said Sophia, "for Augustus always speaks the truth; and you would not think of doubting him, George, if you were not vexed."

"I believe you too, my little man," said Mr. Brown. "Now you will tell us to whom you gave the money, will you not?"

"I do not know who it was," said Augustus. "They were poor—I know that."

"Not know who it was!" said Sophia. "I hope you did not get imposed upon by some impudent beggar—you should have been too careful for that. Do you not know what I told you the other day—that the virtuous poor seldom roam about the country in dirt and rags, and that those are the proper objects of our charity?"

"Yes, sister, and I gave my money to no beggar, for he did not ask me for it."

A shade passed over Sophia's brow, as she feared her hitherto honest little brother might have been led to prevaricate, by his fear of appearing to his uncle in the char-

acter George had given him. And the good uncle looked rather anxious himself in the thought that he had placed a temptation in his way. George laughed triumphantly when he saw Augustus puzzled to explain himself, and felt less sorrow for the loss of his pet, than joy that he had not been surpassed by his brother.

Sophia and her brothers were orphans, children of the same father, but the two little boys were the sons of a second marriage, and Sophia, who was sixteen years of age when they were born, had been accustomed to the care of them from that early period, as they had lost their mother at their birth. She was entirely devoted to them, and had endeavored by every means in her power, to fix good principles in their hearts as they grew old enough to understand and value her instructions. George was turbulent and selfish, and yet, when his sister reproved him he felt always uneasy, and was unhappy until he had gained her approbation by a return to good conduct. He was of an active temper, and cost Sophia many anxious moments by his love of enterprise, and contempt of dan-

ger. Augustus, on the contrary, was mild and manageable, and possessed a generosity of disposition which frequently exposed him to imposition; and his sister had been troubled to regulate a trait which is so lovely in itself, while, if indulged to excess, it is ruinous.

Mr. Brown announced his intention of remaining several days, and the little family were delighted at the prospect of a long visit from so dear a friend. To complete the pleasure of the two little boys, Sophia, ever kind and indulgent when she could be so without injury, procured from the master of their school a short vacation, that they might ride about with their uncle and herself, and visit some of their distant friends. The boys were in ecstacies when they rose the second morning after their uncle's arrival, and were told to dress themselves in their holiday suits, for they were to visit a friend of Sophia's a few miles off, and returning through the neighboring town, attend an exhibition of pictures which had been announced in the morning's paper.

"Dear Sophy, how good you always are to us," said Augustus to her, as he kissed her forehead—"you make our clothes and take care of us, and take us good rides, and get holidays for us, and I love you better than any body in the world," said he, putting both arms round her neck and kissing her again.

"And I love you too, Sophy," said George, "when you do not scold me, and shake your head at me, and call me rude."

"You ought to love me better for trying to make a good boy of you," said Sophia, mildly—"and I hope my dear brother, as you do not love to be reproved, you will be very good to-day, and not do anything that shall displease me or your uncle. As to you, Augustus, I do not fear that you will be rude or noisy, but you have an awkward habit of stuffing your hands into your pockkets when you are making your bow, or talking—and this you must avoid, if you would not have me shake my head at you.

The day was very fine, and the carriage rolled over a smooth turnpike with the

usual variety of hill and dale, meadow and wood, and the boys were so happy that the benevolent hearts of Mr. Brown and Sophia participated in their enjoyment though the scene had nothing of novelty in it to recommend it to them.

Mr. Mason's house, where they at last stopped, was delightfully situated, and surrounded by grounds laid out in the most beautiful order, and ornamented shrubs, which, in their sheltered situation, were in a greater state of forwardness than other plants of the early season. George and Augustus amused themselves till dinner time with running about the gravel-walks, and admiring everything they saw, while they were treated with great hospitality by young master Walter Mason, who, though some years older than our little friends, accommodated himself to their wishes. He collected for their gratification those of his playthings which he had given up as he outgrew his infantile tastes—and George and Augustus were but too happy when a large packet of handsome toys were put

into the carriage to be carried home with them.

At dinner the little boys behaved well. Once, indeed, George was beginning in his usual boisterous style to complain, because Mrs. Mason had put some egg-sauce on his plate.

"I do not love—" he began, quite loud, but he caught his sister's eye, and lowering his voice to let her only hear him, he said, "I had rather not have egg-sauce, sister.

"Well, George, you shall not be obliged to eat it," she whispered, "and I am very glad you recollected my charge to you not to be loud—as it would have been very rude to tell Mrs. Mason you did not love any thing on her table."

She then quietly exchanged her own plate which had no sauce upon it, for that of her brother, who gratefully thanked her, and ate his dinner in silence.

And Augustus came near dropping his knife, when in answering some questions of Mr Mason he put his hand as usual into his pocket, and he saw himself how inconvenient it is to have a habit of this kind.

After dinner the carriage was ordered to take the party home—and the Mason family accompanied them to the town where they were to view the picture gallery. The exhibition was very interesting to the young folks—as many of the pictures were representations of the young engaged in their sports and studies. The older members of the party were interested in the remarks of the children, as they talked freely to each other in their excitement.

"I am ashamed of that lad," said George, pointing to the weeping son of Coriolanus, as with his mother he was imploring at the victor's feet the salvation of his country. "I never wish to see a boy cry—fie on him!"

"But," said young Mason, "you would not think his tears disgraceful if you knew what he wept for."

"Oh!" said George, "he has been whipped, or perhaps he fears the warrior before him."

"Or perhaps his rabbit is dead, hey, George?" said Augustus roguishly.

George bit his lip, and looked rather confused, while Master Mason proceeded to inform them that the boy wept at the danger which threatened his country. "I read the account in my history," said he, "and your sister will find the place for you to read, if you will ask her, I dare say."

"I should like to see it," said Augustus, and running up to his sister, he asked her permission to study history.

"You shall soon be indulged with an abridgment of history, but must first become a little more interested in the studies you are now pursuing," said Sophia. "And look here, boys, how do you like this picture?" pointing to a group who formed a ring round two youthful combatants.

"I for my part like a little boxing match, once in a while," said George, assuming a fighting attitude, and doubling his fist. "I should like to make all the boys in school afraid of me."

"And I," said Augustus, "hate to see fighting."

"And would rather the boys would love than fear you, would you not?" said Sophia.

" O yes—but George thinks, sister, it is because I am a coward, which I am not, I know."

" I grant," said George, " you did show some spirit the other day. Sophy, he attacked a great boy who was tormenting a kitten, and made him let her go. I bawled out to him not to meddle, thinking he would get a good drubbing, but the boy was either afraid or ashamed to strike him back again."

They proceeded round the room several times, till even the children were weary of the show, and anxious to go home. They parted with the Masons, and were getting into the carriage, when they missed Augustus. Mr. Brown called him aloud, while his sister returned to the picture room to see if he had lingered behind. On her return after an unsuccessful search, the coachman told them that he thought Master Augustus had gone down " that yard," pointing to a court at no great distance. Mr. Brown found him there, and to his surprise saw him engaged in conversation with a poor meagre looking child, whose clothes

though clean, bore the evident marks of poverty. Seeing his uncle he ran to him, and begged that he would give Lewis something to get him some better clothes.

"See, uncle, his little legs are quite bare," said he, "and his jacket is thin and old—and you have had but little to eat, have you, Lewis, to-day?"

I shall have some dinner when I get home with my bundle," said the little boy, as he lifted the heavy burden from the doorstep where it rested.

"And what have you in the bundle, my little fellow," said Sophia, who now joined the party. "Have you been begging clothes for yourself and family?"

A slight flush passed over the pale cheek of the boy as he answered—"My mother does not send me to beg—these are clothes which she washes, and I am to bring them back again to-morrow evening when she has made them clean, and ironed them."

"Do you live near?"

"No ma'am," said the boy. "I live in the next village by the common."

"And do you travel two miles with this heavy bundle?"

"I do," said he mournfully, "and am glad enough to carry it to my mother, for she wants very much to get work."

"How tired you must be, Lewis," said Augustus, trying to shoulder the little boy's burden. "I could carry this stout pack but a very little way, and I am as big as you, nearly."

"You'd try, I dare say," said the little boy, "if you had as good a mother as I have, and she was unable to come herself for it."

"Why cannot she come? This bundle," said Sophia, "is far too heavy for your strength, so slender as you are—and if you stop often to rest, you will not be at home till after night-fall."

"My mother must stay with father, he is sick."

"What is the matter with your father," said Mr. Brown.

"He fell from a load of turf, and broke three of his ribs, sir, and has to lie in bed

all day, and mother is sick too, half the time, and Sarah and I have to make the porrige, and pick up wood, and come to town for doctor's stuff. But I must go now, it is very late," said Lewis, as he looked sadly at the declining sun.

"Oh Sophia, oh uncle," cried Augustus, "do take him into the coach with his heavy load, he is going our way, and I will walk. I 'm not afraid, if it *should* be dark before I get home. Lewis, lend me the stick you put through your bundle, and I will set off. Do, will you, uncle—dearest Sophy—I will be so attentive to my lessons, and *so* obedient if you will!"

"What do you say, uncle?" said Sophia. "I am very willing the weary little Lewis should ride, but Augustus need not walk, if we consent to be a little crowded."

George, who had been pouting and out of humor for some time at the delay occasioned by Lewis, objected to taking him, but gave his consent to the admission of the bundle. No attention was paid to him, however, and Augustus had the delight to

see Lewis seated by his side, while he carefully kept the bundle beneath his feet, that it might not incommode his kind uncle and sister. Even George could find nothing to complain of, as they rattled over the pavement and out of town; and when upon the smooth road once more, many questions were asked of Lewis about his parents and their situation.

"How long have you lived so near us?" said Sophia. "I had not heard before that we had such neighbors."

"We came last winter, ma'am, and as long as father was able to work, we had enough to eat, and Sarah and I went to school. But after he hurt himself, we were all very sad; and Sarah and I often go into the shed where poor mother cannot see us, and cry."

"Yes—all he says is true," said Augustus, almost weeping himself from sympathy—"and their house is as cold as a barn, and they have the windows broken, and the rain comes in at the roof—and—oh, I wish you would go and see, sister!"

"How came you to know so much about it, Augustus? Did you learn all this, as well as the name of this little boy in the few minutes you were talking with him in the court?"

Augustus answered, blushing, "No, I have seen him once before, but I did not till to-day know his name."

"Yes, he was very kind to me last winter, ma'am. I had hurt my foot on a sharp stone just as he came by, and he took his own handkerchief and bound it up; and then because I limped, and walked with pain, he helped me home, for we were not far off. He pitied me very much when I told him how sick my father was, and how poor we were, and gave me half a dollar to get me some shoes that I might not cut my feet again."

"So—that was your *bargain*, hey, Augustus?" said George. "Not much better than my own," he added, with a sneering laugh, "so don't say rabbit to me again."

"*I* think, my dear nephew," said Mr. Brown, "that if the little boy prove to be

what he now appears, and his family have been really sufferers, you have procured more heartfelt pleasure by the disposal of your money than a whole warren of rabbits could have afforded, and that is what I call making *a good bargain.*"

Lady, beautiful and fair,
Oh from your purse one penny spare,
To buy me bread;
My mother's sick and weeps all day,
Alas! my father's far away,
And often, often do I say,
Would I were dead!
My little sisters roam the street,
And ask an alms of all they meet,
To get them food.

Oh Lady, once, their mother's care,
They modest, good, and tidy were,
But now their wretched garments tear,
And oft are rude.
Oh Lady fair, then pity us,
And give a penny from your purse
To buy us bread;
Your humble suppliant will pray
That Heaven's blessing every day
Rest on your head.

THE BENEVOLENT CHILD.

On a cold, windy morning in the month of November, Mr. Morton, sitting in his study, thought he distinguished, among other little voices in the street beneath his window, the musical tones of his own little Laura. As she was never allowed to go into the street alone, her father laid aside his book, and looked from the window, thinking to call the little girl into the house; when, to his surprise, he saw her seated flat upon the pavement of the side-walk, and deliberately taking off her shoes. He refrained from speaking, that he might observe her intentions. She was surrounded by a group of ragged children, the tenants of a hovel in a neighboring lane, their dirty faces and neglected appearance affording a strong contrast to the tidy little Laura. She now rose from the ground, shaking

back her long curls from her face, and beating the dust from her frock with one hand, while with the other she held out her new red shoes to a barefooted boy of her own age—"Here poor boy—" she cried—"Here, Tom—put on my shoes, and your feet will be all warm—my mamma will give me another pair."

Tom readily obeyed, and seated himself in his turn on the pavement—when stooping down, the kind-hearted little girl assisted him in tying them on. Observing that they fitted him nicely, she testified her joy by jumping up and down, and clapping her little hands—then ran limping into the house with nothing on her feet but her little socks.

Wishing to know what Laura would say to her mother to account for the loss of her shoes, Mr. Morton hastened down to the parlor, and had just apprised Mrs. Morton of the circumstance, when the door was violently thrown open, and in rushed the little girl, almost out of breath, and her face glowing with exposure to the cold wind—"Dear

mamma—he was so cold—he was crying, mother—and his feet were so sore with running on the cold pavements!"

"Who was it, my child?" said her mother—"Take breath, and then tell me whom you mean.

"I can breathe now, mamma—may I tell you?"

"Yes,—but, Laura, where are your shoes?" said Mrs. Morton, taking the little girl upon her knee, and holding up one of her feet—"And you have been running in the dust, too, in your little white socks! Was that right—was it like my neat little Laura?"

"Let me tell you, dear mamma—I—Tom Parker was crying this morning, Ma—and I was looking out of the window—and—I ran down the steps—and—mamma—I gave Tom my shoes. You have money enough, have not you, to buy me some more? And Tom's mother has not got any money to buy him some."

"Well—my dear little daughter—I am glad you feel pity for the poor—but then

you should not have taken off your own shoes for Tom. If you had come and asked me about it, I would have given him your old leather boots, which you do not want now that you have India rubbers for wet weather. They would have been much more useful to him."

"But, mamma—he could not wait! The wind was blowing on his feet, and they looked very red and sore—indeed they did, mamma!" and Laura put her arms round her mother's neck and kissed her, while she tried to wink away the tears from her eyes.

"Well, my dear—I do not blame you—I have often told you to pity the poor little children who have not such comforts as you enjoy. But the next time you wish to give something to them, come and ask me, and it will be better for *them*. I know better what will do them good than you can, at your age, my love."

"Yes—I will, mother—now may I have a new pair of shoes?"

"Not to-day, Laura—To-morrow I shall go to the shoe-store, and will get you some.

Ring the bell, and ask Sarah to bring up your old shoes."

Laura was soon equipped, and seemed so very happy, dancing round the room, and singing, that her father called the cheerful little girl to his side, and asked her what gave her so much pleasure.

"Oh, papa—I love to look at these faded old shoes of mine!"

"Why, my dear, they are sad looking things, and I thought my little Laura loved to be nice."

"So I do, papa. But when I look at my old shoes, I am all the time thinking that Tom has got a good warm pair—and I am *so* glad his toe does not come through as mine does through this, because, you know, I have a stocking, and my toe is covered with that; but poor Tom's would come out into the cold."

"Did you feel happy, Laura, when you took off your shoes for the poor little boy?"

"O yes, papa;" and putting her hand on her breast, she said, expressively—"it made me feel warm here—and it keeps

feeling warm when I look at my old shoes, and think how glad Tom was."

"Well—take your book and get your lesson, now. We will see that you have some shoes that will look better on a tidy little girl than those."

Laura drew a cricket close to her mother's side, and began studying aloud, occasionally looking up and asking questions, as her mother encouraged her to inquire whenever she did not perfectly understand the meaning of the words. She was interrupted in the midst of her lesson by the stopping of a carriage before the door, and as she had been taught to be very careful about the neatness of her person, she was unwilling to be seen in her old shoes. Her first impulse was to run from the room, but hearing the voice of Mrs. Nelson, a lady she loved very much, upon the stairs, she changed her mind; and drawing her cricket close to the hearth-rug, she thrust her little feet beneath the deep fringe, and with her book in her hand, awaited the entrance of the visitor.

After the customary salutations had been exchanged between the ladies, Mrs. Nelson seated herself on the sofa, and said, "Come to me, Laura; how do you do, this cold morning?"

"Very well, I thank you," said the little girl, blushing, but keeping her seat, and looking at her feet to see if they were perfectly hidden. Mrs. Nelson called her again; but she seemed to be wholly absorbed in her little Geography, putting the forefinger of her left hand on the page of questions, and traversing the map on the opposite page with the pointing finger of the other. Regarding her for a moment, Mrs. Nelson perceived by an intelligent smile and wink from Mrs. Morton, that there was some mystery to be discovered.

"How very studious my little favorite is, this morning!" she said—"she has not a word for an old friend. I am afraid, Laura, you do not love me, to-day."

The little girl raised her eyes from her book, her lip trembled, and her eyes filled with tears, as she said, "Indeed, I do love

you, dear aunt Nelson, better than any but dear mamma and papa—and Sarah,—I must love Sarah, you know, because she puts me to bed, and tucks me up warm, and dresses me in the morning, and combs my hair softly, and kisses me a great many times."

"You think Sarah loves you because she kisses you, Laura, do you?" said her friend.

"Oh yes! And I kiss papa and mamma every time I can when they are not busy—for I love them."

"Then, my little girl, do you wonder I thought you did not love me to-day? When I called you to give me your accustomed kiss, you did not come."

This was too much for the warm-hearted little Laura to hear unmoved—and forgetting at once the ragged shoe, she threw her book down, and flying with open arms to the kind lady she loved so much, she hugged her round the neck, and almost stifled her with caresses.

"That will do—that will do"—cried her

mother, disengaging her clinging little arms, and seating her between herself and her visitor. "Mrs. Nelson has evidence enough of your love, I think, now; and even more than is convenient, for see how you have deranged her collar!—you must be more careful another time."

"I am sorry, mamma," said the child, reaching up, and striving to smooth the crumpled muslin. "But I felt so sorry when Mrs. Nelson said I did not love her, I forgot what you often tell me about being rude."

"And now you will tell me, love, won't you, what made you so unwilling to come to me when I first called you?"

Laura again strove to hide the peeping toe—and was strongly tempted to say she was occupied with her lesson—but she had been too well taught not to fear to deceive by giving a false coloring to her actions, as well as by absolute falsehood. She hesitated a moment—and then looking at her ill-dressed feet, and blushing while she bravely stretched them out to show her

friend, she said—"I was putting these old ugly shoes under mamma's rug—because—because I did not wish you to think I was not a neat little girl."

Mrs. Nelson could hardly refrain from laughing, when Mrs. Morton told her how Laura had disposed of her new shoes, and now had none but those to wear for the day. "I love to have her generous, but she must learn to be prudent too. The next time she wants to give, she will ask me to furnish what is needed, instead of taking off her own clothes to relieve the sufferers."

"Yes, mamma—I shall ask you, certainly. But will you let me give the things my own self? Do, mamma—for when Tom stopped crying, and was glad, it made me feel so pleased!"

"Kind little heart!" said Mrs. Nelson, putting her arm round her—"I hope it will never grow selfish, and that many such pleasures are in store for it. But it is growing late—ask your mother, Laura, if you may ride with me this morning—I will bring you back in an hour."

"Oh—I cannot go!" said the little girl, sorrowfully. "Can I? For I have no shoes fit to wear into the street."

"What can be done?" said her mother. "Oh—I have thought of a way," said Laura, jumping down from the sofa, and running across the floor.

"Stop—stop—You had better tell me your plan," said her mother.

"Well, mamma—You know you said Tom Parker would have liked my boots just as well. So if Sarah carries them in, he will let me have my shoes again."

"Think, Laura—Suppose a lady gave you a beautiful hat and flowers, and afterwards sent you an old cape-bonnet, as more suitable for you—should you be willing to make the exchange?"

"I should not think it quite fair, and I should not like her one bit."

"No it is not fair to take back what you have once given. You have no more control over it. If you had given Tom the boots at first, he would have been very thankful; but now that he has worn your

bright new shoes, tied with red ribbon, and looking so nice, he would probably be very much discontented to have to exchange them for leather boots somewhat the worse for the wear."

"Oh yes—so he would. I cannot go with you to day, dear aunt Nelson," said she, in a cheerful tone—"but you will take me some other time, when I have my new shoes. No matter—I am not sorry Tom has got the red ones—Poor Tom—he has no playthings, and no rides."

"Well—if your mother thinks fit to let you wear the boots, you shall still go with me now. You can sit in the carriage while I am at the milliner's, and no one will see your feet."

"Just what I was going to propose," said Mrs. Morton; and the smiling little girl was soon dressed, and Mrs. Nelson took leave. After driving through many streets, they stopped opposite a confectioner's, and Mrs. Nelson left Laura in the carriage, telling the coachman to keep an eye upon her. The little girl stood looking out

at the window, and watching the passengers on the sidewalk, till her attention was drawn to a little girl who paused to gaze with a longing eye at the array of cake and pastry, and varieties of candy and comfitures displayed in the shop window. Laura's sympathy was at once awakened by her dejected and pale countenance, and she observed that she was very thinly dressed, and shivered as she drew together an old cotton shawl that was fluttering about her neck in the wind. Obeying her first impulse, she seized the comfortable blanket shawl which her mother had put into the carriage to wrap around her, if she should be cold, and holding it in her hand, called to the little girl, intending to bestow it upon her—"My mamma can buy another shawl," she began, when the experience of the morning came suddenly into her mind, and she was checked too by remembering that the shawl was not her own.

"Poor little girl, take these," she cried, giving her some cake and comfits which Mrs. Nelson had just sent out to her—"I

can give you these, but I must not give you mamma's shawl, though it would keep you very warm. But if you will wait till Mrs. Nelson comes out, I will ask her to take you home with us, and my good mamma will give it to you herself, I know."

"Thank you, little lady—but I must not stop, for I am sent on an errand, and I cannot go very fast, and my bundle is heavy. Do take back these sugar-plums. I am sure you must want them yourself."

Laura put her hands behind her.

"Then I will take them home to my sick little brother," said the girl, with a grateful smile—"how they will please him!" And she took up her bundle, and began to move slowly along.

"Stop—stop—Mrs. Nelson! Mrs. Nelson!" she cried, as loud as she could scream, and burst into tears. Mrs. Nelson came hastily to the door, and on perceiving the cause of Laura's distress, made some inquiries of the girl, ascertaining her name, place of residence, &c.

On her return home, Laura could talk of

nothing but the pale little girl, with the sick brother—and she begged to be allowed to go and see them, and carry them something comfortable—the warm shawl she especially petitioned for, and confessed that so great was her desire to see it on the shoulders of the shivering girl, and her certainty that her mother would willingly spare it in such a case, that she had nearly given it away without leave.

"For the money such a shawl costs, you might buy her an entire suit. Would not that make her more comfortable?"

"What, mamma! Gown and petticoat, and stockings, and all!" said the child, thoughtfully—and leaning her elbows on the table, she sat for some time, with her chin buried in her hands. At last she exclaimed, "Oh dear—shall I *ever* know so much as you, mamma?"

"If you study your lessons carefully, and listen to what older people say to you, and take their advice, and always do your best, I hope you will be wiser and better than your mother."

"Oh! that can never be! Do you think I can ever be so *good* as mother, papa?"

"By imitating her, and doing as she advises you, I think you may."

"Oh, then I will try very hard. Now where is my Geography. I have but half finished my lesson; for all the morning I was thinking about my shoes and Tom Parker—and then I went to ride—and I have talked ever since. I shall not remember one word, I am afraid. See—here is my place—Indian Ocean—I can find it quick enough. There 't is, papa—South of India. Is not that why they call it Indian?"

"Unless you stop chattering, you will not learn a great deal, I am afraid. There—I will give you half an hour to learn all those questions."

"Oh, that is time enough, papa. So mum is the word," said she, putting her finger on her lips, and applying herself seriously to her task. * * *

Will you my humble gift refuse?
We've watched them ripen day by day--
(You see we've not forgot the shoes—)
And Tom, and all of us would say,
"For dear Miss Laura Morton, some
We'll choose with care from all the rest,
Before we taste a single plum."
These are the largest and the best,
The produce of our only tree.
If you will not the gift receive,
How grieved and sorry we shall be!
'T is seldom in our power to *give!*

TO H. G. E.

AN INVITATION.

I LOVE to watch thy steps, my boy!
Thy mother has her cradle joy;
To teach, thy father cons the lore
Of those who taught the world before,
And though they love thee, Henry, well,
And of their idol fondly tell,
Yet be my boy—and I will be
Devoted, Henry, *all* to thee.
I have, by memory garnered well,
A score of merry tales to tell—
They'll charm the winter hours away;
And in the summer's sunny day
We'll sit beneath some leafy bower,
And I will sing the livelong hour.
And you a pretty wreath shall twine
Of mignonette and eglantine,
Or catch the happy butterfly
That unsuspicious flutters by,

And gently hold the pretty thing,
Nor harm its bright and fragile wing.
When weary with your frolic play
With insects bright and florets gay,
I'll hush you in my arms to sleep,
Then at your side a vigil keep,
And while your pencilled lids you close,
Nought shall disturb the sweet repose.
Come—be my boy—I have no other—
Thy parents have thy little brother,—
And fair and winsome though he be,
I ask, My Henry, only thee.
Come, darling, grant my modest prayer—
I'll rear thee with a mother's care;
To please I'll try all playful arts,
And take thee to my heart of hearts.
Ah were it so! What bliss were mine
In all thy infant games to join;
Then, when in boyhood's active schemes,
In youthful and ambitious dreams
Thy ardent spirit bathes, with joy
I'll mark thy proud career, my boy,—
How pleased to see thy mind expand,
Thy heart improve beneath my hand—

To watch the bold aspiring wings
Of thy soul's high imaginings—
How blest to guide thy soul through this,
To other worlds of purer bliss!
Come—Henry—grant thy aunt her prayer;
She'll rear thee with a parent's care;
If haply blest, her counsels given,
May fit thee for a home in Heaven.

The writer of these lines died in December, 1828, and the lovely boy, to whom they were addressed, the following August.

THE LITTLE RUNAWAY.

"SHALL I clear the table, ma'am?"

"Run first and see if you can see anything of George. It is strange he has not come yet. I hope he has not run away again!"

"Mother! mother!" cried an impatient voice in the entry, "I would have come directly home, as I promised, but Mrs. Green would not let me."

On opening the door Mrs. Smith was surprised to see not only her little boy, but his school-mistress with him, holding him fast by the arm.

"I have brought home master George, ma'am, and unless you can make him more obedient, I really must decline having anything more to do with him. He is *so* obstinate! I declare I never saw such a child in my life!"

"Go into the nursery, George, and remain till I send for you," said Mrs. Smith.

George instantly obeyed, not without casting a wistful glance at the dinner table.

Poor Mrs. Green looked ready to weep with vexation.

"I am sorry my boy has given you so much trouble," said Mrs. Smith, compassionately.

"For these three days, ma'am, he has positively refused to read. At first, I thought it was only a childish caprice; I took no notice. Then I coaxed him, and caressed him, and offered him rewards; all such means failed. Then I threatened, and even punished him; it was all in vain. This noon, I thought I would try keeping him after school."

"And would he give no reason for not doing as he was bid?"

"Oh, it was nothing but obstinacy. What provoked me most of all was his looking so impudently calm and good-natured all the while; I was sure I made no impression on him."

"I believe George always thinks that while he is pleasant he is good. His ideas

of duty are not very accurate or comprehensive as yet."

"I am as determined as you, Master George, said I; and I held him a whole hour in my lap, trying to make him say *s-l-a*, *sla*, after me. At last he cried to go home, because you would think he had run away, and begged me to send you word that he was detained. I told him to say *s-l-a*, and he should be his own messenger. I thought he had half a mind to yield the point then, but instead of that, he suddenly gazed up in my face, and cried, "You are naughty, too; I see it in your eyes!"

"Your patience was sorely tried," said Mrs. Smith.

"And I suppose I did not look very *pleasant*, to be sure."

"And then, I presume, he is not old enough to make a distinction between your perseverance and his own obstinacy."

"At any rate, he is too knowing for *me*. I never can manage him, now that he has fairly gained the battle. I am thankful he is no boy of mine."

"And so am I," thought Mrs Smith.

The next day, time hung rather heavily upon George's hands. His mother took no particular pains to find amusement for him, and was *busy* when he brought Rollo for her to read to him, as she sometimes did.

"I wonder you do not wish to learn to read it yourself, George. You are quite a great boy, now—more than four years old."

"I do not love to read a-b ab's; did you, mother, when you learned to read?"

His mother could not remember, at which happy forgetfulness of past sorrows he wondered greatly.

"But, mother, must I go to Mrs. Green again before I can read Rollo?"

"You were so disobliging to her yesterday, that I do not wish her to be troubled with you any more."

"Mother, I will tell you why I would not read."

"I was afraid you had no reason to give, except that you were naughty."

"Mother, Mrs. Green told the first class to spell sleigh. I said, I can spell sleigh; I saw it in my primer. *S-l-a, sla.* And they all laughed at me."

"Did Mrs. Green laugh?"

"Yes, and she said that did not mean sleigh to ride in. And she said it did not mean anything at all. So I said, There! I won't learn to read it then."

"Then if I will teach you myself in a little book in which all the words mean something, you will learn patiently, I suppose."

"Can you, mother? Oh yes, I will," said the little boy, joyfully; and, faithful to his word, he would readily quit his playthings, and even leave a block house nearly completed, when he saw his mother take Mamma's Lessons in her hand and sit down to hear him read.

In a short time books became his favorite source of amusement.

George was good-humored and light-hearted, as most children are, who have health and kind treatment; but he was rather self-willed. He thought as his mother was in the habit of giving him a reason for every command or prohibition, that provided he had a reason in his own mind

which he considered equally strong on the opposite side, he might very properly dispense with obeying. But though his mother was injudicious in trying to cultivate his reason and judgment at too early an age, at least she was careful not to lessen the inconvenience which it caused her, by exacting *promises* of obedience. She observed with delight that he never forfeited his word, and she preferred that all his promises should be voluntary, that she might not weaken his love of truth.

"May I wheel my wheelbarrow on the sidewalk, mamma, ?" asked George, one fine October afternoon.

"Why—I do not know—I am almost afraid to trust you out there, George. You know the other day—"

"Oh, but dear mother—do just come to the window and see how pleasant it looks out there in the sunshine! I do so long to be out!"

"Poor child! I wish I lived in the country, where you would not be so cooped up."

"Yes—I am so cooped up," echoed little George, piteously.

"On the whole, you may go—but you must not go beyond the end of the sidewalk, remember."

"Why not?"

"I never allow you to go far without Nancy, or some one, you know."

"But why?"

"I have often told you; because it is dangerous for little boys like you to be in the street. You remember how frightened I was when you ran away, instead of coming home from school."

"But it did not hurt me," said George. "Nothing happened to me."

"That is no proof that you would be safe another time, you little simpleton," said his mother, impatient at his pertinacity. After disputing the point a while, George went out, with considerable doubt on his mind whether his mother had had the best of the argument.

A gentleman driving through a crowded street, that afternoon, pulled in his horse with a jerk, crying out angrily, "Get out of the way, you little fool." This exclama-

tion was addressed to an erect little personage with an independent air, who was leisurely crossing the path, trundling before him a small wheelbarrow. There was something droll in the perfect composure and fearlessness of the child, as he looked back without pausing in his marching step, while the wheel ran almost close upon him. The gentleman's attention was irresistibly attracted, and he did not observe that a wagon which had been running in front of him had stopped. Of course, he ran directly upon it. He was thrown out, and his chaise injured.

On strutted Master George quite unconscious of the danger he had escaped, or the mischief he had caused. People smiled as they passed him, and some paused and loooked after him for a moment, wondering at the carelessness of his parents, but everybody was too much in a hurry about their own affairs to interfere with him. He stopped to load his wheelbarrow where some workmen were tearing down an old building. Down came a shower of broken bricks

and rubbish all around him. He retreated for a moment, but soon returned, and had filled his wheelbarrow, when an Irishman on the staging, perceiving his imminent peril, shouted to him, "Get out o' that, or I shall be after ye!" George immediately overturned his wheelbarrow, crying, "There, take your bricks! I have enough at home!" and moved off in huge disdain.

The sun now sank low behind the tall houses, and the runaway began to feel both chilled and hungry. "I wish I could come to our house," thought he, "I would run directly in." He had made so many turns that he thought of course his face must be turned towards home, and that he should soon arrive there. He ran forward at the top of his speed, keeping up his spirits by playing horse, and varying his pace through all the varieties of ambling, trotting, cantering, and galloping, till, to his surprise, he found himself on a bridge. He had warmed himself by exercise, and forgot his hunger in the novelty of the scene. Having run his wheelbarrow over the planks in

various directions, he climbed upon the railing, and sitting astride, stooped to look into the water. Off went his cap. "Oh! oh! My new velvet cap! my pretty cap!" he screamed, and but just saved himself from following it into the water, as he leaned over to see its fate. A woman passing on the bridge, ran to him, and pulled him down rather roughly.

"You naughty little boy," said she, "run right home. You have run away—I know you have!"

George wondered how she had guessed so rightly. "I am going home," said he "I am almost there."

She attempted to take hold of his hand, but finding him obstinate, and quite ungrateful for her well-meant interference, she contented herself with forbidding him to climb the rails again, which he readily promised, and ran on with a confident air beyond the bridge.

The farther he ran, the more strange and unlike home every thing looked. It grew darker and colder every moment, and

he began to feel disheartened. To be sure, he found some horse-chestnuts; they were a comfort to him, although unhappily not eatable. He soon grew very tired and faint. He could hardly drag one aching foot after the other, and something like fear and doubt began to come over him. Still he tried to keep up his spirits, and drive away his anxiety by loading his wheelbarrow with sticks and other things which came in his way. Coming to a gentleman's house which was surrounded with trees, he went in at the open gate, to get some of the fallen leaves which had been raked into a heap in the avenue, to be carried away. He threw himself down upon them, to take off his shoes, to relieve his throbbing feet—and finding rest delightful to his tired limbs, stretched them out, and was sound asleep in a moment.

Meanwhile his parents were seeking him in every direction. A gentleman with his head bandaged, and the step of his chaise turned awry, gave the first hint of the direction he had taken; and as the crier went

through the streets, the Irishman bore testimony to his having been in the dangerous neighborhood of the falling house. Dismal was the sound of the crier's voice, that dark evening: "A child lost!" Many a mother listened with a pang of sympathetic dread, though her own babes were nestling warm in their beds. "Light curly hair, and blue eyes—plaid frock and white trowsers—velvet cap with plaid ribbon." Many remembered to have seen the child, but no trace of him could be found any where, except the cap, which was picked up in the water under the bridge, and led every one to suppose him drowned. His parents passed the night in a state little short of distraction. Could they have had one glimpse of their darling, as he lay calmly sleeping on his leafy bed, how would their hearts have leaped for joy!

The leaves rustled as the chilly evening breeze passed over them, but George was warm. He had found a friend of a very humane disposition, who was lying by his side, and endeavoring to give him a share

of his very comfortable coat. It was no other than Luath, a shaggy Newfoundland dog, who had discovered him in his patrol about his master's premises. Luath was a generous fellow, and loved to patronise the weak and helpless, though he was a lion in driving away intruders. Once upon a time, a family of chickens, the old hen having been locked up in the corn-barn, which she had entered with thievish intentions, took refuge in Luath's kennel, where they were found nestling very comfortably under his long, curly hair. He once took charge of some kittens too, whose mother had deserted them to enjoy a selfish nap before the parlor fire. He had now a pet of a higher order, and he would not have deserted him, had he slept till morning, had not a man come stealthily in at the gate, and advanced, hiding first behind one tree, and then behind another, in a way by no means to be reconciled with Luath's ideas of the manners of honest people. He rushed out upon him, barking furiously, and was mortified to find it was only his master, who, return-

ing from an evening's visit, had taken this method of trying his faithfulness and sagacity.

George's dreams being thus rudely broken, he cried out lustily, "Father! Mother! Nancy!"

The dog soon led his master to the place whence the voice proceeded. A mass of leaves was all he could discern under the shadow of the trees; but stooping down, he put his hand first upon George's wheelbarrow, and then upon little George himself. The boy immediately clung round his arm, and being taken up, clasped his neck confidingly, begging to be carried home. As the child could give no clear account of the whereabouts of the said home, the gentleman proceeded to the house, bearing George and the wheelbarrow, while Luath followed behind with a shoe in his mouth, which his keen nose had discovered among the leaves.

The light warm parlor, with its bright coal fire, looked very pleasant to our hero, and one glance at each of the smiling faces

around it, made him feel quite at home. He held out his hands to the cheering warmth of the fire, and when a kind lady who looked like his mother, brought him a porringer of nice bread and milk, he laughed with delight. All were eager to ask him questions, in hopes of finding out where he belonged. He answered readily enough.

"What is the name of your papa?"

"Father is Mr. Smith."

"Very satisfactory!" they exclaimed. "What is there to be seen in the street where you live?"

"Oh, plenty of wagons, and carriages, and horses. O, and a long side-walk to wheel my wheelbarrow, and trundle my hoop upon," said he, with a sigh.

"What people visit your parents? Can you tell us any of their names?"

"Aunt Sally comes, and Grandfather, and Grandmother, and Uncle John, and cousin Harriet, and—"

"Very definite, truly. But what is aunt Sally's name?"

"Nothing but Aunt Sally. Now carry me home, won't you?" said George, as he drained the last drop from the porringer.

"Do not you know how dark it is?"

"Oh yes, so you could not find the way."

"As to that, I am afraid I shall be quite as much in the dark in the morning," said the gentleman, laughing.

"I pity his mother," said the lady.

"Yes—so do I," said the others. "Poor woman! She does not know what has become of her little boy."

"Hush!" said the gentleman, as he saw the tears gathering in George's eyes at this new view of the subject. "I will take you in my chaise, George, when the morning comes, and we shall find your parents, or they will find you, no doubt. Now you must go to bed like a good little boy."

But George's heart was full. He had borne up bravely against the fatigue, the anxiety of the afternoon—he had driven back the tears which had been ready to start, for he felt too lonely to cry—there was no one to cry *to*—no sympathy to ex-

pect. He obstinately refused to go to any bed but his own little crib in his mother's room, and it was only after a long and loud fit of crying, that drowsiness overpowered him, and he fell asleep, and was conveyed to his pillow.

He rose refreshed, and inclined to make the best of his situation. He played all the morning, apparently in high spirits, with two little girls near his own age, and Luath, till the chaise was at the door to take him away. Here a new trouble occurred, at which the grief which he had smothered at the bottom of his heart again burst forth. They brought a straw hat belonging to one of the little girls, and put it on to supply the place of his lost cap. He indignantly pulled it off, and threw it down. Coaxing and scolding were alike thrown away, and they attempted to compel him to wear it. They soon desisted, terrified by his violent screams; and it was not till he saw the gentleman drive half way down the avenue without him, that he left crying, and submitted to have the ribbon tied under his chin, that he might not be left behind.

"What a troublesome child! I am glad he is gone," was the general exclamation, as George departed. The gentleman himself began to think he should be glad to be rid of him as soon as possible.

Yet there was something in the air of the child, as he sat in silent dejection by his side, which interested his feelings, and he began to feel that perhaps too little sympathy had been felt for him. "Perhaps," said he to himself, "he is more able to comprehend his situation than he appeared. Doubtless he has been suffering severely from the separation from his friends. Could we expect cheerfulness and placid acquiescence under such circumstances? Poor little fellow! He looks very sad."

In fact, George was ashamed, as all well disciplined children are, as soon as his passion had subsided. He was now thoroughly unhappy, and reflected more in a few moments, than perhaps in his whole life before.

He saw clearly the cause of his present misfortunes, and was forming the resolution

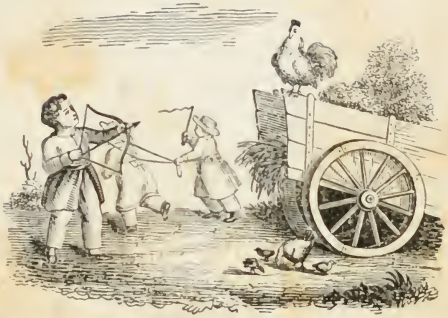
to obey in future his mother's commands. With his natural determination of character, this resolution was an important thing, an era in his moral history.

Reading with a ready instinct the compassionate looks of his companion, he began to smile, and talk, employing all the winning arts of childhood to recover his good will. When they arrived at the bridge, George pointed out the place where he lost his cap. He was soon recognized by some one, from the crier's description, and rode directly home. He was received with transports of joy. His kind friend was thanked again and again with grateful tears, as he related the adventures of George after the loss of his cap. Having answered all their inquiries, he took leave, giving them his address, with a request that George might not be allowed to forget his new acquaintances.

"Mamma, I shall not run away any more—and I shall do just what you say," said George, speaking very slowly and distinctly. "Will you please to tell me something to do now? And see if I do not run in a minute!"

His mother had learned a lesson, and made a resolution as well as George,—to make her commands simple and absolute, and, until he had formed a habit of obedience, as few and easy as possible.

In a few days George went with his parents to see his new friends, and thank them for their care of him, and so entirely did he remove the impression of his first visit, that when he went away, the general exclamation was, "What a dear little fellow he is! How I hate to part with him! I hope we shall soon have a longer visit from the Little Runaway."



Cease, cease your shout, you noisy bird,
No other speaker can be heard,
Or, on my word, I'll shoot you!
An arrow sticking in your throat
Would spoil at once your piercing note.
Pray, biddy, would that suit you?

A WREATH FOR DEAR HENRY.

Come, Fancy,—help me twine to-night
Of happy hopes and wishes bright
A fadeless wreath, with which to deck
My bright-eyed boy of Kennebec.
The ever living leaf of mind
With heart's-ease shall be intertwined,
While love shall lend her buds and flowers
To grace this fragrant wreath of ours,
And innocence her blooms bestow—
The lily with its leaf of snow—
The flower of chary modesty,
Which hid in verdure loves to lie—
The humble, honest camomile
Which crushed and spurned, yet wears a smile—
Some feathers from the eaglet's wing
Who heaven-ward soaring, loves to spring;
A sprig from the mimosa tree,
A pledge of sensibility;

And tendrils of the coaxing vine
The various gifts shall strongly twine.
Affection's loveliness they show,
Together clinging as they grow.
There! Bind the mystic chaplet now
Upon thy smooth and sunny brow;
Its gathered charms were wreathed to deck
My bright-eyed boy of Kennebec.

Fido, I know there are but few
Who love me half so well as you;
There's Anna, 'likes me when I play,
And Susan when I 'm very gay.
But when I'm sick and all alone,
And all my playfellows are gone,
Beside my couch will Fido stay,
And leave the others at their play.

Now Jane and Mary, when I 'm well,
And stories and conundrums tell,
Will sit with me whole happy hours;
And when we go to look for flowers,

Arthur and George will walk with me,
And gather from the highest tree
The clustering blossoms for my hair,
And brother John will place them there.

They all are gone—yes—every one!
I hear their footsteps as they run,
I hear each light and mirthful tone—
How sad I feel,—left all alone!
My faithful dog they call away,
But by my couch will Fido stay.
In vain they whistle; mournfully
He lays him down to watch by me.

THE LIFE OF A CENT.

To the Contributors and Subscribers of the Herald.

YOUNG LADIES AND YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

I MAKE no apology for obtruding myself upon your notice, and let no one sneer at my humble claims to attention—for a Cent, in these hard-money times, is not so very insignificant, as I think my story will prove.

Be it known to you, I have a fine head, and a handsome countenance withal, of the brightest tint of the copper complexion, for I began my career in 1838. I wish you to know, also, that I have been accustomed to *polished* society. I left the place of my education, the mint, in company with some thousands no older than myself, to perform my part in the busy scenes of the world.

We travelled together a long time. We were finally deposited at a broker's in Boston. Here our numbers gradually diminished. A few hundred at a time were sent abroad, till my turn came at last. A ragman came to exchange his bills for specie, for greater convenience in making his purchases of thrifty housekeepers, and I fell into his hands. "Now," thought I, "I shall see something of the world."

A mountain of rags was rising in the cart, as the rag-man travelled from house to house, and still I remained unnoticed. Finally, I, and forty-nine more were exchanged for two huge baskets full, at a house in Salem. Here we were greatly admired, rather for our shining qualities than our intrinsic worth, however. Fifty bright cents together, you will allow, is no common sight. We had a merry time of it for a while. A little boy amused himself with making us run races on the smooth kitchen floor,—a kind of exercise which was quite a novelty to *me*, and it no wonder that, in the heat of the pursuit, having

knocked down a companion, and run over him, I awkwardly turned aside into an ash-pit, where rolling was quite out of the question. "Here is an end of my *seeing the world*," thought I.

But the same day the ash-man called. The ashes were shovelled out, and I with them, undiscovered. I was lying in my soft bed, at the door of the next house, when a well-dressed gentleman in a fashionable carriage with no top,—(I believe it is called a buggy)—came dashing by. By some chance, the wheel of the buggy locked itself into that of the ash-cart, and the charioteer was thrown face downward into the ashes. There was a roar of laughter through the street,—the most polite man in the world could not have stood by with a grave face, to see him rising, not much like a Phœnix, from the ashes. His black hair and whiskers were as gray as if they had seen the snows of three-score winters—and then his nice black coat! Alas!

Such a cloud of dust was raised by his

getting up and shaking himself, that I still lay unnoticed, though uncovered;—when out came the ashman, and turning his head the other way to avoid being choaked, poured another bushel over me, and escape was rendered hopeless.

But being buried was nothing to what I next endured. The ashes were put into a great vat, and water was poured in. A bath of strong lye, let me tell you, is no luxury. Had I remained there long, I should have been as black as a cent of the last century. By good luck, the man who was pouring in the water, catching a glimpse of something glittering, dug me out, and washing me clean, put me in his pocket, not without a wish that I had been a dollar, instead of *only a Cent.*

Only a Cent—yet this man's fate was most probably decided by me. He was a lad from the country, where he had been exposed to no great temptations, as he had happened to have good companions. An idle, good-for-nothing fellow, lounging about the factory, sometimes entered into conver-

sation with the simple youth, and tried to persuade him to join a club of gambling, dissipated fellows like himself, but for some time without success.

Finally it was agreed that tossing up a copper should decide the matter. I was made to execute a somerset, or rather a dozen somersets, in the air. I came down face upwards. To the tavern he went, and I helped to pay for drink and cigars. Poor fellow! I left him on the road to ruin.

I was taken from the till of the bar-room by the landlord's son. Had I been capable of blushing, I should have blushed for him. "It is *only a Cent*," he said, "and father won't miss it;" but after he had put me in his pocket, he had no more peace that night. I weighed like a mill-stone on his mind, and he wished me back again. He thought the irksome feeling which pursued him was *fear*, and tried to reason it away. "It is impossible I should be found out," he said.

He sat down in silence to his supper, with down-cast eyes. He no longer looked

his father in the face, with the sweet confidence of childhood. He had *defrauded* him—and he felt every kind word as a reproach. "Poh!" he tried to say—what 's a Cent to a man like father! But a voice within him told him it signified a great deal as a theft, though very little as a loss. He could not relish a morsel till he had resolved to go and put me back in the drawer.

With this intention he quitted the table before his father had finished his supper. The father had noticed something unusual in the child's appearance, however; and setting down his cup of tea, he softly followed him, and seized his hand in the drawer, with the fingers yet closed upon me.

"Ha—you little rascal—now I shall give you something to remember"—cried his father. "No excuses—not a word. You know better, and I shall make you *do* better, if I can."

So he gave him a few blows, which the boy received without complaining or shrinking.

"Is that enough?"

"I hope so, father," was his reply, looking him full in the face. Struck by his manner, his father looked at him steadily.

"Father, it was right I should be punished, but I did not take the Cent *now*—I was putting it back."

"Well, you *did* take it?"

"Yes—but I had resolved never to take anything again, before you whipped me."

"Why did you not tell me how it was?"

"You would have thought it was only an excuse, to escape punishment."

"So I should. Richard, should you have told me of this, if I had not found it out?"

"I shall always feel better to think you know it, father. I should have always had it to think of, and blush for, when you praised me. I don't know as I could have had the courage to tell you—"

"For fear of being whipped!"

"No, father,—you know it is not *that*!"

Just then a woman came in with a handkerchief at her eyes, and asked to speak with the landlord alone. I was lying on

the bar, where Richard, as he went out, had lain me down. How I exerted a great influence on the success of the poor woman's petition, I will set forth in the next number of the Herald, if the public should be enough interested in my humble memoirs to wish them continued.

CRUEL AMUSEMENTS.

"FINE sport! I admire exceedingly this sort of fun," said a youth shooting birds in the woods near the Farms. "I think I am quite a marksman! I kill one out of a dozen, and I dare say, lame some very often, when I can't get them!"

So saying, he picked up with vast complacency a poor little cat-bird which lay writhing on the ground, and added him to the victims which he was carrying home in

triumph. Just then he stepped upon a thorn, and ran it half way through his foot. Oh, ho! it was not quite so pleasant, *feeling* pain, as inflicting it! He found it highly disagreeable—quite an interruption to his *fun*.

"If so trifling an injury can annoy me so much," he could not but say to himself, "how should I like a bullet through my throat, or a broken arm or leg. I do not know how many little wretches are lying in the swamp, with a broken wing, dying by inches, in an agony of pain!"

So saying, he drew off his shoe and stocking to examine his wounded foot.

In old times, when Beverly had not yet a name of its own, but was called the precinct of Salem, a boy who lived by the common, where the first houses were built, went off into the woods, bird-nesting. By and by, after having robbed several different

families of birds, he fell plump out of a tree with some eggs he had taken, broke them, and got plenty of bruises into the bargain.

An old man, who had been watching, with no good will, his proceedings, came and looked over the bank.

"Don't cry loud, Matthew, for your life," said he; "may be the Indians will hear you."

"Don't care—father's bought his land," said Matt, rubbing his bruises, and making faces.

"Well—you don't know, how, since you have been here, they have torn down his house, and carried off all your little brothers and sisters, while your father and mother were gone across the ferry to get them food!"

"Oh! what shall I do! what shall I do! Oh! the wicked Indians!"

"Oh! they have not served your father and mother any worse than you have the birds; you have no right to complain! They have pulled down one house, you have destroyed a dozen since I have been watching you, you wicked boy!"

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"Now you've been *telling a story*, trying to scare me, I know. Wicked? I did not know it was wicked, but now I know how the birds feel, I 'll never rob a nest again. How father and mother would feel, to come back and find all gone—no house, no home!"

Do, pussy, quit that lofty bough,
And come and play among us now,
For Tom is climbing up the tree,
To reach and throw you down to me.
You 'd better come yourself, my puss,
Than to be roughly treated thus!

Two tall lads with their satchels, met at the corner of a street, one bright October noon, and stood awhile talking together.

"What, no school? Well, then, let's go fishing."

"You know that I am not the owner of a hook and line. If I *were*, I would make a present of it to old Saxby, the fisherman."

"Poh! I'll lend you one."

"No,—I thank you."

"Why not? Just for once."

"I can find amusements enough that are not cruel."

"Poh! Fish are cold, half-alive creatures. They have not much more sensation than a stick of wood."

"Indeed? How came you by that piece of information? Can you remember ever being a fish? I can't. Were you an oyster, or a *grubby?*"

"You are an *odd fish*, yourself. Now hearken to me, before you talk of cruelty. Fish are good to eat. Fish were *made* to eat. What do you say to that?"

"So are sheep, and cattle—but I fancy you are not ambitious of being your own butcher."

"Mighty bright, that; but ridicule is not argument. You can't deny angling to be a gentlemanly sport."

"A relic of barbarous times."

"Poetical too—a subject for poets and painters."

"Oh that is no argument against its being cruel. Cowper calls it

'Detested sport,
That owes its pleasure to another's pain.'

Have at you with an extract from a different poet.

'A fishing-rod may be described to be
A stick found often near some muddy pool;
A line we usually at one end see,
And at the other, commonly, a fool.'

"Very civil! But come—'t is folly to be wise, in some cases. With all your wisdom, I know you are at a loss what to do with yourself. *Such* a pleasant afternoon —too good to lose—"

"Yes—*such* a pleasant afternoon, and such a pleasant world to be in, it is a pity if I cannot be content without putting some of my fellow-creatures out of it, that have as good a right to enjoy themselves here, as I, or you have."

"Not they, if I want them for my supper."

"I compassionate your starving condition! It is a hard necessity you are under, and I forgive you, as I do puss for nest-robbing and mousing."

"Come, have done with your nonsense. I *have* thought you a sensible fellow, hitherto, but—" A shake of the head, and an expressive *tchick* with the tongue concluded the sentence, and off ran Tom to deposit his satchel, and get his fishing apparatus.

The other, whom we will call Harry, was sauntering along, humming to himself, when he suddenly came upon a dog, sitting with his nose pointed up a tree, in the branches of which sat a kitten, with a tail like a boa tippet. Harry drove the dog away, at which a dirty boy who was pick-

ing up chips and stones to pelt the kitten down, silently dropped them, and looked rather ashamed.

"Suppose I should set the dog on *you*," said Harry, looking hard at him. Away he scoured, as fast as his feet could carry him. "Cowardice and cruelty generally go together," thought Harry, as he took down the kitten, which was too small or too much frightened to descend. A little girl called to him from an open window across the street, and he had the pleasure of placing the trembling kitten in the arms of its little mistress, who shed tears of joy at its escape from a horrible death.

"Stop a moment, my pretty lad," said an old lady sitting by—and she brought a basket of cake, and proposed to put some in his satchel for luncheon at recess. "School is a hungry place," said she; "remember that."

Harry declined, drawing up his tall figure a little proudly, with a manly contempt for sweet things. He had not gone many steps before the grateful little girl overtook

him with some peaches, which she begged he would accept, and though somewhat puzzled to carry them, he would not grieve her by refusing them. Presently he relieved his loaded hands by depositing some on a door-step, where some children were playing feast with oyster-shells and acorn-cups. Their merry shouts at this wonderful piece of good luck, were better than thanks to Harry.

"You are late in the day, for fresh fish," cried Harry to an old man who was driving along an old cart covered with a sail.

"Only a few *scrod*, and so on, Master Harry. I have been round a dozen miles, and sold a good lot of fresh fish as ever you see, all caught 'fore your peepers were open."

"You have been very successful this summer."

"Yes, I hope to be thankful, I have. I got forty dollars in debt last winter, wife was sick, and I had the rheumatis, and the gals had to come home and take care on us. But those that trusted us did n't lose by it;

they're paid, and I calculate I shall be something forehanded for the cold weather."

"I suppose so many fishing for sport this fine weather injures your market."

"Ho! no," said the old man, showing a row of yellow teeth, "there 's few on 'em knows how; and very often the cook won't put their little conners in the frying-pan, after they have strutted home with 'em. Hoot-too-too-toot!"

An hour or two after, Harry, in the course of a ramble; met with Tom, who came towards him with rather a long face.

"I have got a little hook into my hand; see! the barb is in. Just twitch it out for me, will you, Harry, before it gets sorer. I have not resolution enough to do it myself."

This was not an agreeable job, but Harry was not more tender-hearted than merciful. He gave one quick, decided pull, and it was over.

"Thank you, Harry. But I can tell you, it aches. There is no mistake about that."

"No—all the mistake was your catching a Tom White instead of a tom-cod."

"Pshaw! I don't fish for tom-cods."

"Well—the next time you purpose to hook *yourself*, let it be through the cheek, or jaw; you can try the experiment better so; and I'll pull you in, and twitch the hook out, and take you home to the cook to be skinned. You can then have a good idea of the pleasures of angling."

"Oh! Harry!"

"What have you left that poor sculpin for, gasping and flapping on the bridge? You are not hungry enough to eat *him*, surely?"

"I threw him in once, and the fool came and bit again. I was kicking and stamping on him in a passion, when I put my hand on this hook, and that is the truth of it."

"Are you not ashamed to tell me of it?" cried Harry, with indignation. "It ill becomes *you*, to call the poor thing a fool; it used all the sense God gave it. It is you who are not a reasonable creature, venting

your rage upon a poor dumb animal, the victim of your own snare! If you *were* a fool, there would be an excuse for you."

"It is foolish, I know; but I do hate a grubby. I feel a real spite against any fish that is not worth the bait."

"You know not how you appear to me, Tom—What can have so changed your nature? It must be the long habit of seeing and causing suffering without compassion. My friendship for you has received a shock, I confess. I do not care about a fellow who has blunted the finer feelings of his heart. What would my sisters have said, seeing you stamping on that fish?"

"Enough, Harry; I knock under. At first, I never pulled a fish off the hook without a painful feeling mingling with my triumph, but that was long ago—and the consciousness of having grown hardened and brutal is not very flattering—I don't want to be a savage."

"There 's my own Tom again," said Harry, clapping his shoulder cordially.

"And now I am in the mood of it, I 'll

promise never to bait another hook, if you wish it, Harry."

Harry would not allow Tom to bind himself by a promise which would prevent his using the skill he had acquired, in any circumstances which might make it a duty. But in company with Harry, Tom found higher sources of amusement for holidays and vacations, and was surprised to find himself relieved, rather than restrained,—relieved from the tyranny of a foolish fancy, and restored to entire self-esteem, and harmony with himself and nature.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

An orphan boy,
No friend have I;
Father, mother,
Sister, brother—
All are gone,
I 'm all alone.

Here they found
Poor Ellen, drowned!

I saw her hair
Lie floating there,
And o'er her cheek,
The cold waves break.

Poor Henry! He
Is on the sea,
Far, far away;
And long he 'll stay,
And toil and sleep
Upon the deep.

The rolling billow
Beneath the pillow
May be his grave.
Oh heaven, save,
And bring him home,
No more to roam!

No Ellen now,
With sunny brow—
No parents dear,
Are waiting here,
With welcome sweet,
Their boy to greet.

I 'm very sad!
All else is glad,
The flowers are springing,
The birds are singing—
All day, alone,
I weep and moan.

Thou 'rt not alone,
Afflicted one!
A Father's love
Beams from above;
Obey his will,
He 'll bless thee still.

No earthly friend
Such joy can lend.
He made thine heart,
And can impart
A healing balm,
A holy calm.

BOTANICAL PARTY.

On Wednesday the Botany class took a walk to procure specimens for their herbariums. They searched among the tufts of meadow grass for the delicate flowers of the Marsh Speedwell,(*Veronica*,)and admired its tiny petals, veined with purple, but did not reject the humble Pin-weed,(*Lechea*,) which grew among the dry moss upon the rocks. In the hedges they found the Woody Nightshade, or Bittersweet, (*Solanum*,) with its oddly shaped leaves, and its bright yellow stamens forming a fine contrast with the purple corolla. Among the bushes they discovered a bed of the *Mitchella*, called Checkerberry in Bigelow's Botany, by mistake, they fancied, as they found the leaves not aromatic. Its white twin blossoms, delightfully fragrant, were made into nosegays by some, while others preferred a comfortable bunch of Pennyroyal. The grassy slopes

were studded with the starry flowers of the Blue-eyed Grass, (*Sisyrinchium*,) and the Bethlehem Star, (*Hypoxis.*)

It was amusing to see the headlong zeal of some of the party. The old and experienced flower-hunters, and the more observing of the new ones, were scrutinizing banks and hedges, while the new recruits rushed at full speed into a bog, with nothing before them but rushes, and cat-o'-nine-tails—getting wet feet to no purpose, while in their very track grew the Speedwell at the edge of the meadow. We pity the hands which will wash the black mud out of their stockings and trowsers.

However, all seemed to enjoy themselves, rambling among the bushes and green sloping banks. Soon after we arrived, we heard a distant shout and saw a little figure flying over the brow and down the slope of a hill, with two tin pails. The hill was steep, and presently the momentum was too great for the little feet to keep undermost. The head posting on without waiting for them, came to the ground, minus

a hat, but sustained no injury. The tin pails rolled on down the hill, as if in haste to arrive at the scene of action. They are here particularly recommended to the community as the best possible contrivance for carrying home specimens, much more convenient than the tin cases commonly used.

We are sorry to confess that one or two of the party were more intent upon a frolic than anything else. They threw away their flowers, and made a poor old tired horse and some cattle at Gallows Bridge, cut capers down the hill for their amusement.

Gallows Brook, June, &c.

On Saturday evening a meeting was called of all the aggrieved tenants of Gallows, or Sallows Brook.

Honest Dobbin Gray was chosen Moderator, and he had no sooner taken the chair,

than several lowing voices were heard on both sides of the bridge, each striving to express wrath and indignation at the intrusion of the Botanical party upon their quiet domains.

At last the piercing tones of the Moderator's voice, calling for order, gained attention; and silence being restored, Dobbin addressed the assembly as follows:

"I perceive, my friends, that in your present state of mind, the duty of moderator is not an easy one to perform. I myself am of a forgiving disposition, and little disposed to resent insult, or even blows. You all saw how I submitted to be driven about by urchins, whose strength, compared to mine, is not greater than that of our injured friend, Painted-Wing, to that of the little boy who took him prisoner. It would have cost me little trouble to kick my persecutors over the wall, or into the brook; I was almost angry enough to do so. It would be enough to try the patience of a *donkey*, to be disturbed at his supper, and chased about, after a hard day's work.

"But, my friends, let us not expect much consideration and good sense of children! Perhaps they think they know a great deal, but they cannot reflect—they are too little. We grown up horses and cows should reflect that we were once colts and calves, and had but little of a rational aim in our capers round the fields. Forgive them, friends—if they trouble us often, our masters will come to our aid."

So still stood the assembly, ruminating upon this sage address, that the voice of the Butterfly was heard by those near him, as he said that though the plumage of his wings was much damaged, he had been so mercifully handled by the boy who thoughtlessly seized him, and so readily liberated, that he had not been hurt.

"One of the party," said he, "a blue-eyed damsel in a torn frock, said, if I were dead, she would carry me home, but that she would on no account deprive me of life or liberty, for my beauty."

Meanwhile Star and Bright, on the opposite side of the bridge, had risen to address

the assembly. Bright yielded the floor to Star, after they had bowed to each other for some time; whether in courtesy or menace is not known.

"My voice is still for war. Let us defend the passes. One of us shall stand sentinel, while the rest are feeding. I should like to see who would come through the bars, if I toss up my head, and throw up my heels, and pretend to be wild. We will hook or kick all intruders, and the gentleman in the painted coat, whose remarks I lost, as my hearing is not very delicate, can muster a host of the owners of stings to our aid."

Dobbin raised a laugh against this valorous champion, by proving that he was at heart an arrant coward. "I saw him," said he, "go plunging down the hill, ready to break his neck, with a sprite of a boy running after him, the same whom I forebore to kick when he saw fit to exercise his limbs and lungs in chasing me."

Just then the bars were let down, and a voice calling "Co' —Co' —Co' —" put an end to the debate. Bright and Star were the first to obey the summons.

My heart has often ached to see
The babes of cruel poverty,
As, passing by the happy crew
Of those who sorrow never knew,
They view their joyous sports, and sigh
That is not their destiny.

Some people find much more enjoyment in society than others. Why?

Let us look about us, and see whom we think the happiest—the most enviable. Is it the *rich* man? Some would say, yes; for he has it in his power to give to those less fortunate than himself, and therefore may always be happy in the love of others. But just think of Mr. B., from whom every one is receiving favors, and listen to what is said of his gifts. "It is a trifle for *him* to give." "He might spare twice as much and not miss it." "I wish I had his money, I 'd make it fly! I should be twice as generous," &c. &c. The rich man sighs to think how little gratitude or kind affection his wealth can purchase for him. So it is not *riches* that will make a man happy in society. What then?

Let us see. Here comes Mr. C. Let us take a peep into his heart, and listen to what is going on there. "I do n't see why every body is against me, for my part. I do no harm to any one; at least, unless they injure me first, and I am careful to render to every one his own—" Poor fellow! Is the world so very unjust to you? Why, really, I believe he is wiping away some tears. Let us listen again. Who is it he is pitying so much?—"If my feelings are hurt, who cares? Who ever takes my part? Well—I have one comfort—I gave Mr. Such-an-one as good as he sent—and I'll have my revenge on Mr. Blank. I'll show the world that I am a man of spirit." A comfortable conclusion to his meditations. We shall no longer wonder, though he does, that every body is against him, for I doubt if he is as careful to return benefits, as injuries.

Here comes another personage. What an anxious scowl he has. Ask him if he is happy. No. He has a thousand annoyances, for he is a *selfish* man. How tiresome

one's life must be, spent in looking out for the welfare and convenience of that uninteresting and uncomfortable self! He will stand by and see his best friend abused, and not defend him. Why? *It is none of his business*, to be sure. He will show a noble horror of injustice, when he is himself the sufferer; but if it is only his neighbor, no matter—it is none of his business. He thinks hanging too good for one who would injure his good name; but if he hears others slandered, or even the name of Him who is the giver of all good taken in vain, he is indifferent. It is not for him to reprove others; it is none of his business.

Here comes a more cheerful countenance, but I perceive he is one of the *surly* sort. He considers politeness as another term for insincerity, and respect, a sacrifice of independence. He squares his elbows, and goes straight forward to his object, turning out for no one. The consequence is, he gets many a hard knock which he might have avoided by taking a little pains to be accommodating. He says he thinks it a hard

world to get along in. Sir, you waste your strength. Give way a little, now and then; you will lose no ground by it. Be a little more of a gentleman, and not shoulder and jostle people whom you meet in this busy world. A little civility will have a wonderful effect in clearing your path. You are a good fellow in the main, a good honest fellow, but you would enjoy yourself much better in society with the aid of a little *good manners*, I assure you.

Here comes a comical phiz. Surely this man is happy, for he is always laughing. He delights to find out his neighbor's weak side, that he may point his sarcasms with effect. He plays off tricks and practical jokes; calls mischief, wit, and cruelty, fun. He flatters himself that those who laugh with him are his friends. Not they—they remember, as the proverb says, that he hath claws, and are shy of him, knowing their turn will come to get a scratch. He will find himself little beloved, and consequently not happy.

Who, then, is the man who is fitted to enjoy himself in society?

I have shown you that it is not the revengeful, nor the selfish, nor the surly man, nor any who do not follow the golden rule for social intercouse.

The happiest man is he who considers his wealth and his talents as valuable only as they enable him to promote the welfare of society. Let a man spend his life in doing good to others, looking for no return, and God will put gladness and peace in his heart, and give him the affection and respect of his fellow men. He will be remembered and regretted long after he has gone to his reward in heaven.

Now merrily round,
To the joyous sound
Of the birds in the hedges and trees we are skipping;
Come, Jane, can you guess
By the shape, voice, or dress,
Which of us you touch, as around you we 're tripping?

Pray be honest, my dear!
We confess that we fear
Your little black eyes are peeping about you!
Now prithee have done,
Or, spoiling our fun,
Perhaps we shall try to be merry without you!

A STRANGE ANIMAL.

As the subscriber was returning home from school on Thursday, he saw some of his schoolfellows standing before a house. He looked to see what they were after. One of them was stationed by the front door with a stick, in the attitude of striking. It seemed there was an animal under the house, that they had seen peeping out. I regretted that I did not have a sight of this beautiful creature, with a tail like a whip-lash, and its skin of a brownish slate-color. Can any one inform whether this was a rat? WILLIAM.

To the Editor of the Herald.

I am one of a proscribed and persecuted race, and claim your compassion. I live in,

or rather under, a house near the Bank. You may perhaps remember that it rained on Thursday last. I think I saw you pass with an umbrella and overshoes. My natural enemies, the cats, do not like to wet their delicate feet, and were all within doors, which gave me an opportunity to make a foraging excursion across the street. I had hardly passed the threshold on my way to Mr. Campbell's premises, when I was frightened back by a shout from a merry party of school boys, coming down the street. I presently ventured forth again, however, thinking that with such good-humored faces, they could intend no harm. Ah! sad mistake! There they stood, eager to destroy, watching like so many cats, their eyes flashing with curious expectation, apparently more in mirth, than malice. Is life such a trifle in their estimation that they can make a sport of destroying it?

Soon all was still, and I thought the danger was past. I was about to skip forth, when I caught sight of my beautiful whiskers in a clear puddle at the entrance, and

pausing to admire myself, was struck with horror, to see reflected in the same mirror, a club ready to fall upon my devoted head. One step farther, and I had been but a lifeless rat! My tormenters had not retired; they stood in a half circle at a short distance, except one, who was to strike the fatal blow.

Luckily for me, school is a hungry place. They soon gave up the sport and ran home to their dinners. Pray ask them how they should like it, if they must either starve, or steal, and eat in fear and trembling, as I do? We rats think man a very selfish animal, that he will not spare us a small share of the bounties of providence; but he has authority over the beasts which perish, and we must submit. He need not, however, be a tyrant; let me humbly beseech that when we do not actually annoy him, he will condescend to let us alone, to finish our short day of life.

Through night till morning rose to bless
The earth with sunny loveliness,
The friendly twain sat talking o'er
Their schoolboy pranks in days of yore;
When Jack, reviving college tricks,
Strove on the shelf his heels to fix,
But long unused to such a feat,
The quondam Soph o'erthrew his seat,
And sighed, when hurled upon the floor,
"Ah Ha! Once men, we're boys no more."

A DREAM.

One warm afternoon a weary school-girl sat sketching a ruined castle. Tower and turret, great arched gates, and little postern doors, rose under the pencil; mantling ivy crowned the crumbling wall, and hung over the windows. "I can build as expeditiously as Aladdin with his Slaves of the Lamp," thought she. "I am quite a magician. Now if I could only transport myself there!"

Just then a heaviness weighed down her eye-lids; the busy stir of school, and the voice of the teacher fell unheeded upon her drowsy ear; her forehead sunk upon the open book. She presently found herself walking upon the lawn in front of the castle. A soft breeze waved the long tresses of the ivy, the sun shone gaily upon the weath-

er-stained walls, the birds were flying about, and merrily singing. A door stands invitingly open—she ventures in. Immediately she is greeted by many voices of welcome. An English gentleman advances and declares himself an old friend. She recognizes his dry and uninteresting aspect.

"Mr. Murray," she said, "many on their first introduction to you, have wished you had never been born. I am old enough to be aware of my obligations to you."

The tedious old gentlemen would have insisted that she was not yet sufficiently acquainted with him, had she not turned to observe a pleasant looking man who was dissecting an eye, and eloquently discoursing on the wonders it contained. Observing her attention, he offered her a thick book on Natural Theology.

"Weigh it well," said he, with a smile.

"I do," said she, almost dropping it upon the marble floor; "it is too heavy for my strength, I fear."

"Try—it will *give* you stength."

A graceful figure in the costume of a

Catholic Archbishop now came near. His manners were winning, his countenance elevated and serious.

"I do not regret," said she, in answer to his greeting, "the pains I have taken to become acquainted with your language. Your Telemaque is so beautifully written, and so full of interest, that I am well repaid."

A gentleman with a high forehead, and a clerical air, offered her a large bundle of extracts in prose and verse.

"Ah sir," she cried, "these are beautiful, I own; but with often reading and parsing, and paraphrasing, I am already so well acquainted with them that I wish you would exercise your fine taste in providing a new set."

* * * * * *

A lady came forward—all made way for her, and she offered a large basket of flowers and a microscope.

"I would accept them with pleasure," said the school-girl, shrinking back, "if you did not require me to learn all their names. Indeed, I had rather have a small nosegay

from the garden. It is too much trouble to find out all these."

The lady withdrew, not without a reproachful look.

"I am well loaded already," thought the girl, looking anxiously at a group of gentlemen, among whom she recognized Messrs. Hedge, Sullivan, Story, Wilkins, Comstock, Goodrich, and some others. Before she could retreat, one came hastily forward, having in his hand a black-board, and a book. He insisted upon adding them to her burden. "Better throw away all the rest than to refuse these," he said; "you cannot live in this calculating world without me."

Behind him appeared a form wearing a three-cornered hat; his elbows were right angles, his other limbs a pair of compasses; he was partly visible and partly in a cloud. Alarmed at this phenomenon, she was about to retreat, when the doors came clanging together with a terrific noise. She started awake, just as the final clatter of a falling slate resounded through the school-room.

FIRE! FIRE!

The subscriber having lost his composition by fire, wishes the aid of the charitable.

Charley Chatterbox,
No. 3, School Alley.

Notice. Boys are requested not to throw any stones, or to play truckle in the street, as, if they should chance to break my skull, it would be a great loss to the world.

William.

Come, little Mary, take your seat,
And play the last cotillon o'er,
And Charles and I will try our feet
In its gay measures on the floor.
Now, Charles, chassez;
I balencez,
And meet you in the allemande;
Now dos à dos;
With pointed toe.
Now, brother, cross and give your hand.
The ladies' chain—
Now do n't complain

Of what you 're surely proud to wear—
With careless grace
Resume your place,
And balencez again when there.
Now right and left, and then we're through,
And Mary, love, our thanks to you.

THE DULL BOY.*

It was the close of a long, warm day, and a *holiday*.

"I think I shall tell but a short story, if any, to-night," said Aunt Mary, as the boys came in at twilight from their play. "Emma and Mary are too tired to sit up much longer."

"Oh! I am not sleepy!" cried Emma, sitting erect, and endeavoring to look animated."

"I am not sleepy!" echoed little Mary, languidly raising her head from her aunt's shoulder. "Do tell us all about Marianne again."

"Pooh! Mary *always* wants to hear the same story over two or three times! Mary,

*A short extract from this story has been printed in the Mount Vernon Reader.

it is so tiresome to Aunt Mary and all of us!" Here John caught Aunt Mary's eye, and was somewhat confused at the arch smile which he well knew how to interpret. "I beg your pardon, dear little Mary,—I need not have spoken in such a sneering tone. I am afraid, Aunty, you will never cure me of that habit, so long as I play out with the boys."

"I? I don't undertake to *cure* your faults my dear girl. I have my *own* to attend to. I can help you to beware of them, but it is your business to cure them. As for the story,—"

"There! Now Mary is sound asleep! Can't you send them off to bed, and tell us a good long one afterwards?"

Emma cast a grieved and anxious look at Aunt Mary, who waited to see if Henry would second the request. "Now that's not fair John," he said. "You would not like it yourself."

Emma's brow cleared immediately. "I forgot about the golden rule," she said; "I *will* go to bed with Mary, and I will let

Aunt Mary tell you one of her longest stories; you can enjoy it, if I can't."

"That is not selfish," said her aunt, kissing her. "Now, Emma," cried John, with a burst of grateful feeling, "you are a real good little girl. So you *always* are, and I love you. I will tell you in the morning every bit I can remember, though I know I cannot tell it so well as you do those I lose by staying out at play, or being punished."

Emma's good feelings made her very happy as she followed her aunt, who went to deposit the helpless Mary in her mother's lap; and soon the little sisters were resting their weary limbs in their comfortable trundle-bed. The boys, in the meantime, at Aunt Mary's request, had closed the shutters, and lighted a lamp. Unasked, they had drawn her rocking chair up to the table, placed a cricket for her feet, and brought her knitting-work from its place in the closet. They were rewarded by a smile, and drawing up their chairs as near as they could, they looked up with eager eyes in her face.

"Henry—for fear you should not find it out, I will say that the tale I tell you was brought to my recollection by something I noticed to-day as I passed the school-house at recess."

"Oh! the boys were hectoring Bill Smith for being such a dunce."

"I have nothing to say about the other boys, but I felt grieved to hear you say in a tone of contempt, "'Fore I 'd stay at the foot of that little class all the time, and the biggest boy in school too, I'd stay at home."

"But just think—the littlest scholar of all can read better than that great *fellow!*"

"Poor boy! You hoped to excite his ambition by hectoring him, as you call it?"

"*Excite his ambition!* He has n't a spark!"

"There, Henry!" said John, "you repeat Aunt Mary's words just as you do the boys'—"

Aunt Mary laughed. "No matter," she said, "Henry will set the boys an example of better manners soon. He knows, as well

as his elders, that *sneering* is agreeable to no one. Now for the story."

Two gentlemen, Mr. Pemberton and Mr. Reed, were walking by the avenue or cart track that led to the farm-house of the Marshes.

"Do you see that little monkey?" said Mr. R., pointing with hir cane to a boy who was perched, all in a heap, on the upper bar of the gate. "I have seen him in that same spot every day for a month. Yesterday I had the curiosity to cross the road and speak to him; and not a word could I get out of him. I suspect he is deaf and dumb, or an idiot; he looks like it."

"Mr. Pemberton thought differently. He was the teacher of a high school in the neighborhood—a man whose feelings were always ready to sympathize with childhood, however neglected or degraded. At the sight of Mr Reed the boy jumped down, and retreated a few steps from the gate.

"What did you say to him yesterday?" said Mr. Pemberton. "He seems not much disposed to further acquaintance with you."

"I merely asked him if he had swallowed his tongue."

"I am ashamed of you," cried Mr. Pemberton, indignantly. "*I* can make him talk; you shall see." He stepped quickly up to the gate with a smiling face, and called out—"Pray, my little lad, can you tell me if a chaise, with a black horse, driven by a boy about your own age, has passed this afternoon?"

"Y—es, sir," said Robert,—for that was the boy's name—staring and half afraid.

"Oh—I hope the poor boy will not break his neck. Pray was he driving very fast?" The question was asked with an appearance of anxious interest, which excited Robert's sympathy. He came forward with confidence, and gave all the information in his power. Mr Pemberton thanked him, and the boy answered readily every question he chose to ask him afterwards. "Do you go to school?" said he.

"No, sir," said the boy.

"Why not?"

"I was turned out, sir."

"How happened that?"

"Because I would not study."

"What was your reason for that?" asked Mr. Pemberton.

The boy looked puzzled. He was too little accustomed to have his reasons inquired for, to have them ready at a call.

"Why, I thought 't was no use."

"Do you mean that knowledge is of no use?"

"'T is no use to try, sir; being a dull boy I can't learn if I do."

"*Who says* you are a dull boy?" Robert stared. Every body did.

"Does your mother call you so?"

"My mother says I am the best child she has to help her when she is tired, and she loves me as well as if I was as bright as the rest."

"Can you read?"

"Yes, sir, if I was n't bashful; but the scholars laugh, and that makes me stutter."

"So you don't mean to go to school again?"

"No, I won't. They turned me out,

and I 'm glad of it. I'm glad I can't learn, for I hate school. I hate learning. I do n't like the spelling-book. I do n't care if I am a dunce, when I 'm out here under the elm trees, listening to the birds, and seeing folks pass. I love to be in the woods, and the pleasant fields, with nobody to call me an obstinate fool, and lay the cowskin over my head."

"Stop one moment, Robert," said Mr. Pemberton. His quick eye had noticed the quivering lip, and moistened eye, which the poor boy turned away to conceal. "Would you like to go to *my* school?"

"Oh—no—sir."

"No? You choose to remain as you are? Think."

"I could n't get the lessons, sir."

"I will not require what you cannot do, Robert. I will not call you an obstinate fool, nor have a cowskin or rod in my school."

"Oh, sir—I am afraid your boys will make fun of me. I 'm too old now, sir. I do n't want to try any more. It 's no use.

I 'm content to be as I am. Father and all of them would laugh. I, of all boys, to be sent to a high school! Father would n't waste the money."

"Oh, the money 's nothing—you shall pay me yourself, when you are a man."

The boy's eye lighted up for a moment; but hope could not yet find admittance to his dejected mind. However, the benevolent gentleman consulted with his parents, and it was settled that Robert should try it one week, and then have his choice whether to remain in the school or not.

Here Aunt Mary stopped to take up a dropped stich, and listen to the comments of the boys, which made her laugh more than once. "Suppose I had called my hero Bill Smith, Henry; should you have felt as much interested in him?"

"Oh—now you make me ashamed, Aunty."

"Well—I will tell you how Robert Marsh looked, and I think you will acknowledge that you would have passed him by in contempt, or insulted him as Mr. Reed did.

You say Bill Smith has not a spark of ambition. Neither had Robert. He was extremely dirty; his hair was matted, and hung down over his eyes; a sample of his dinner might be seen about his lips and chin, filled with dust from the road; his shabby clothes were covered with grease spots, and half the buttons were wanting; his feet were bare, and seemed to have been acquainted with every variety of soil, from the black mud of the meadow to the clay of the brick-field, and his hands as dirty as if he had gone upon all fours."

"But I wonder at his mother," cried John. "She was not a good mother, I know."

"Perhaps she was poor. But then she might at least have sewed on his buttons, and washed him," said Henry.

"So Mr. Pemberton thought, and he smiled when Mrs. Marsh said she had long given up trying to keep Robert decent.

"Perhaps you gave up too soon, ma'am," said he;" "nothing is so bad as letting a boy see that you have given him up." So by Mr. Pemberton's advice he was

fitted out with two new suits of clothes, of nice materials. "They'll be ruined in a week," said his mother to the tailor, "but Mr. Pemberton thinks it will give the boy a start." Hitherto he had worn garments thrown by by his ambitious brothers, and they seldom fitted him. His stockings, collars, and shirts were snow-white, and laid in his trunk in sufficient numbers to be often changed; a light pair of shoes, with shoe-brushes and blacking to keep them shining, were provided for him; his hair was cut close, and a hair-brush and clothes-brush, a sponge, and a goodly quantity of soap, were given him for his own. All these things were done with as little bustle as possible, but occasioned much suppressed mirth in the family, and more alarm than pleasure to Robert, who regarded them as preparatory to his entrance into the high school.

Monday came—Robert was dressed in his new clothes, and felt a little encouraged by the admiring exclamations of his tidy sisters, who stood by him as he listened in

the door-way for the first stroke of the bell. "There won't be a prettier faced boy there!" "Nor a better dressed one!" Mr. Pemberton will hardly know you." "I should not myself, hardly." One brought him a nicely folded handkerchief to put in his pocket; another tied the black ribbon at his collar in a neater bow; the youngest polished his hair with her soft little hand. The bell struck. Mrs. Marsh caught him to her bosom, and kissed him fervently, then pushing him gently from the door, she bade him good-by with tears in her eyes.

Robert went slowly on till he came to the gate. Instead of opening it, he climbed to his accustomed perch on the top, and bursting into tears, appeared resolved to go no farther. Each stroke of the merry peal seemed to fall upon his heart. His oldest brother left his work and came to him. He offered to conduct him to the school-house. Robert made no answer.

"Come, take heart, and try it one week; and if you don't like, you never shall be *pestered* again about schooling. Father says you sha 'n't."

"Well, I suppose it won't kill me," said poor Robert; "I'll go—but I can't, I *can't* get grammar!"

"Oh—Mr. Pemberton could teach grammar to our Rover! I only wish I had been to him,—I should have made something of a man, I guess."

Robert entered the school-room with a timid step, and a beating heart. It was a very large, well lighted apartment, with moveable desks, placed at the distance of three or four feet from each other. He was some what relieved by finding that the master had not yet come, and that none of the boys seemed to observe him much, except one, a little fellow eight years old, who came to meet him.

"If you are Robert Marsh," he said, "Father told me to tell you to choose any bench you like, that is not occupied. Do choose a double one, for all the boys but I have a partner to sit with; and father said I might ask if you were willing to let me sit with you."

Robert agreed to it, much surprised to

grant a favor, and have a liberty of choice, where the master's will was law, in his opinion. He took his seat by a window which looked into a green and shady play-ground, with a brook at the end of it. Willie Pemberton had transferred his books, and taken his place at his side, when his father's step was heard in the entry. Immediately poor Robert's eyes were chained to the floor—his whole frame was agitated, and he sat wishing in his bashful distress, that he could sink into the ground before the master should speak to him, and draw the attention of the whole school upon him. Mr. Pemberton passed by him, and went up to his desk. All was still exeept the rustling of the leaves as the boys found the place in their bibles. Willie found it for his partner, and now a new fear presented itself—he should certainly stammer in reading his verse. Again he was relieved.

"May I read to-day, sir?" asked one of the oldest boys.

The master nodded, and the reader went up into the desk, and leaning familiarly up-

on it, read the passage containing the raising of the widow's son in a manner that made it seem new to Robert, and made him feel the value of good reading. He had read the passage before,—now he *felt* it. A short and simple prayer followed, asking a blessing upon the labors of the day; and again Robert was surprised at the emotion awakened in his bosom. "He was praying for us—for *me*—and he seemed to feel as if God *would* hear him," thought he, and faith was strengthened in the boy's heart.

The business of the school now began. The busy hum of social industry was a new sound to Robert. He looked round with surprise on cheerful, animated faces—not a listless, idle boy could he see—nor one who seemed to have leisure enough to stare at the stranger. The master was not in his desk in state, watching for something to punish; he was moving about the room, advising one, assisting another, praising a third; if he reproved, lowering his voice, or using a pencil; frequently calling up smiles and glad looks by his unexpected presence.

Robert had considered teacher and taught as natural enemies; he was perplexed to see them acting happily in concert for the common interest.

"Robert!" whispered his companion, as he put away his maps, and shut up his Geography—"Robert!"

Robert started—looked over his shoulder—saw the master was not observing them—and ventured to reply. "What say?"

"I have got something to show you at recess. Oh! we shall have a grand time! The great boys will not let me play with them, because they are afraid of hurting me; but you will go down to the brook with me, won't you?"

Mr. Pemberton at this moment approached. Robert cringed at the thought of pulled ears and raps on the skull which in his past experience had rewarded whispering without leave. Willie looked up in his father's face with an affectionate smile. "Oh, he could n't look so," thought Robert, if he had been doing wrong!" Robert was right; half the unhappy faces often

seen in a school, are owing to burdened consciences.

"You will be more comfortable, boys, with your window open," said the kind master.

Robert sprang up with awkward haste to open it; it clattered as windows will sometimes, you know, if you open them awkwardly. "Softly—we don't disturb each other here with unnecessary noise." Mr. Pemberton said this so low that no one but Robert and Willie could hear it, and he shew him how to raise the sash silently. This was Robert's first lesson, and he did not show himself *a dull boy* in practising upon it afterwards.

Robert now observed that there were no clamorous petitions for leave to speak, or go to another bench, to interrupt the busy quiet of the room. Even the master's voice was seldom enough raised to attract the attention of those whom he did not particularly address; and often a look, or a nod, or some slight gesture answered the purpose instead of words, and was replied to by an intelli-

gent smile. Generally those who were most nearly matched in attainments and congenial in pursuits, choose to sit together; but if an older student preferred to take his little brother, or some one of the younger class under his wing, care was taken that he should not assist him too much, while he allowed him the full exercise of the greatest source of early progress, imitation. This case seemed reversed in the partnership of Robert Marsh and Willie Pemberton.

Robert felt rather tired, sitting all the forenoon idle. His master meant he should have time to long for employment, before he offered it to him. It seemed disgraceful to be doing nothing in such a busy place; and he came by degrees from dreading to wishing that Mr. Pemberton would tell him what he expected of him. It was not till recess, however, that he found leisure to attend to him. The signal for recess was given by one of the boys, who seemed voluntarily to assume the office. Robert did not move, fearing to make some mistake;

he could not see what a boy's hanging his watch in the window had to do with his going out, the master being all the while busily intent on a sum he was correcting. Willie, however, induced him to follow the rest. Mr. Pemberton himself overtook them as they walked across the play-ground to see the curiosity Willie had promised to show Robert. It was a small water-wheel placed in the brook, and communicating with a mass of wooden machinery on the bank. Mr. Pemberton made him observe how it had raised an inch from the ground a stone as heavy as a strong man could lift—and told him that in order to do this, the little wheels had been busily at work since recess the day before.

"This was all made by the boys in their play hours," said Mr Pemberton, "and when they recite in Philosophy, you shall see a heavy book moved by a hair, with a set of pullies of their making."

"That is like father's barn being moved with only one pair of oxen to haul it," said Robert, with a brightening countenance. "I

guess it was pullies they did that with!" He then related all he had observed, and his own inferences, but with much difficulty from the want of language to express his ideas.

"These are not the remarks of a *dull boy*," said Mr. Pemberton, with an encouraging smile.

"A ray of hope darted into Robert's mind, but the thought of his grammar and spelling-book returned to extinguish it. The boys seemed to him men in knowledge; he had never before felt the depth of his own ignorance. The first step to improvement is to feel the want of it.

"Time to come i——n!" cried a clear ringing voice from under the window where the watch hung. At once it was echoed by a dozen voices on all sides of the playground; and within the ten minutes allowed for recess, all had returned to their seats, and except their deeper breathing and glowing cheeks, had no appearance of having been interrupted in their work.

"Are we right?" said Mr. Pemberton, to the boy who was taking down the watch.

"I allowed more than a minute for coming in to-day, sir, because they exceeded the time half a minute yesterday."

"You are a good and faithful watchman, and we are obliged to you."

Robert marvelled. "I wonder he do n't call 'em in himself, or else ring the bell," whispered he to Willie.

"We had rather come in of our own accord," said Willie, drawing up. "It 's pleasanter."

"Look!" says Robert—"I do n't believe any of the boys have found out the master 's gone out of the room!"

"What if they did!"

"A 'n 't there any rogues?"

"I do n't know. *I* am not like a horse that won't stand without tying. Do n't talk to me now, I must do my exercise."

Put confidence in children and they will be ambitious of deserving it, was one of Mr. P's maxims.

Twelve o'clock drew near, and Robert began to feel almost neglected. He opened his satchel, took out his books, and read

over the lesson which had been the occasion of his expulsion from school; and again he said to himself, "It 's no use for me to try to get what I do n't understand. Subjunctive mood represents a thing under a condition, motive, wish, supposition, &c., and is preceded by a conjunction expressed or understood, and followed by another verb. All Greek to me. I wonder if boys that are not dull know what the words mean."

"You will not want that book, *at present*," said Mr. Pemberton, pleased to see him ready to work.

"A 'n 't I going to study grammar?"

"Oh yes, but in an easier way." Robert's eyes sparkled. "Take home your spelling-book too; I do not use one." Robert laughed with delight. He hoped Colburn was to be discarded too, but in this he was disappointed. "Have you a slate?" He produced a cracked one, with a dirty, hacked frame. "That will be convenient to use sometimes, so leave it here; but I wish you to bring a new one this afternoon, as fine

and black as you can get, as you will have to write upon it a great deal."

Robert at this pulled out a crumpled writing-book. Willie laughed at it, which made poor Robert blush. Mr. Pemberton observed it, and sent Willie into another seat, while he sat down in his, and turned over the blotted and dirty leaves. A sheet of old fashioned copperplate copies, adorned with flourishes, had served as a model till the last page, on which a copy was set in a bold, handsome hand. "*The idle fool is whipt at school*," was the last line, and the unfinished page bore traces of tears.

"I think you will make a good writer," said Mr. Pemberton. "I see you have the habit of breaking up all your words and letters; see, here you have made two jobs of an a. Writing on the slate will remedy that. You need not bring a writing-book, at present."

Another load from Robert's mind. "I cannot blot my slate, nor have it shown on examination," he thought. He found he was not to be idle, however, when the

master wrote for him a list of things he would want. His dictionary was dismissed; a new one, however, was written for, and a new reading-book. His eyes opened wide as he read, "a *History*, *Geography*, *Philosophy*, *Botany*, *Astronomy*, &c. &c."

"Do n't be terrified, Robert. I shall put you into these classes, but you shall not be required to recite till you choose it yourself. It will be many weeks perhaps first. *Penknife and jack-knife*, *drawing-pencils and india-rubber*, *a quire or two of paper*, *and bunch of quills*, *ink-wiper*, *ruler and compasses*, *slate*, *with sponge and pencil*, *&c.* Bring these, and this afternoon I will find you something to do; and if it is done, and *well* done, before five, ask Willie to furnish you with a book, or something else to fill up your time. Never sit unemployed a moment in school. If you can think of nothing you *ought* to do, draw houses on the slate, or whittle with your knife, rather than be idle."

Robert carried home his list, and at the aspect of his father's face in reading it, all

his discouragement returned. Father Marsh grumbled not a little at such an absurd expense—and expressed some doubts of Mr. Pemberton's soundness of judgment.

"He 's a notional man, wife," said he, shaking his head; "I don't know nothing about these new fangled ways. 'Stronemy, to be sure—and no grammar larnt, nor no spelling!"

"He-e says," stammered Robert, "I 'm to learn both *his* way."

"*His* way, hey? Well, I know I was flogged through *my* grammar; I should never have larnt it without. Them boys of his gets along too easy to larn much."

"Well—but you *will* let him have his things, equal to the other boys?" said Mrs. Marsh, who thought that the books, like the new clothes, were intended merely to increase Robert's consequence in his own eyes.

"Yes, yes; we 'll try and see how he comes out, with his 'stronemy, and his drawin."

In the afternoon, Mr. Pemberton let him

take his place with his slate in a class composed of nearly the whole school, for a spelling exercise. But as he had never written a word without a copy in his life, he was completely bewildered by the rapidity with which the words and phrases were given out and written. When he displayed his blank slate, Mr. Pemberton did not reprove him, but told him to take his place every day, and he would soon be able to take some share in the exercise; if he wrote one word, it was better than nothing.

"If I was Robert—" began Willie Pemberton.

"Bad grammar — bad grammar," said several voices at once.

"Yes, Willie; what ought you to have said?"

"If I *were*."

"Why?"

"I don't know, except that it sounds better to my ear."

"Does it sound better to you, Robert?"

"N-no, sir; I can't see much difference."

"Why, you have studied grammar, and

Willie has not. How came his ear to know which was right?"

"I always said 't was no use my getting grammar. I did n't understand it, and I never shall."

"Ah?—We shall see. Now is there any one can tell me what Willie's mistake consisted in?"

"Using the indicative for the subjunctive."

"Why—is it not right to say I was, thou wast, &c.?"

"Yes, sir, if he meant to *declare* he was Robert. But a *condition* is implied, in the conjunction if."

"Very well, boys—*If I were Robert.* There is the conjunction preceding the verb, and the condition or supposition implied. What is the other sign of the subjunctive mood?"

Robert's voice swelled the chorus—"and is followed by another verb."

"Here is no other verb. *If* I were Robert. Suppose I were Robert—What then?"

"I would take one of the slates, and copy the exercise,—I meant to say," said Willie.

"There—now we have let you finish your sentence, there *is* another verb—*would copy*. You may go to your seats."

Robert stood a moment deep in thought, while the others stepped lightly to their desks. A ray of light had pierced the thick darkness that enveloped the subject of grammar, and his mind was engaged in trying to seize and hold fast the vague ideas of which he had caught a glimpse. Most children can be carried through the forms of grammar as a learned dog or pig is taught his letters, without the most distant conception of their essence and practical use; but Robert's mind was of a different cast. It is hard that a child must be treated with contempt and severity because his memory cannot be compelled to act without fellowship with his reason.

"But I forget that I am telling a story. You look rather sleepy, Henry. Have I told you enough to awaken your sympathy for Bill Smith?"

"No—not sleepy, only impatient to know if he copied Willie's exercise. I should

like Bill Smith to sit with me, and I would be his Willie."

"Can you think of any reason why Mr. Pemberton should not accept Willie's suggestion?"

"Why—I should think he ought to begin to write *without* a copy, if he were going to, at all."

"Well—Robert came near having an obstinate fit about it—his "can't" had a sound very much like "won't." Mr Pemberton took no notice of it, only Willie was permitted to omit his own exercise for once to help Robert when he should get puzzled. At half past four, the task was done, presented to the master, and accepted. As Robert went back to his seat, he saw that in many of the benches the boys had also finished their *day's work*, and though still industrious, their employments were of their own choosing; some were sitting with their arms round each other's necks, reading from the same book, others drawing from the same pattern, or coloring maps or plates; two had the assurance to

take their hats, and walk out into the play-ground, to finish a sketch of the school-house, merely bowing to Mr. Pemberton as they passed his desk. The new firm of Marsh and Pemberton spent the half hour very happily in a game of cat's cradle.

Mr Reed would not have thought Robert stupid, had he seen him as he bounded home that night. He never was truant or tardy afterwards, and his mother declared it would be as hard a task to keep Robert at home, if necessary, as it used to be to get him to school, which was a strong expression, truly. On Saturday no one thought of asking Robert if he chose to stay in the school. The master shook hands with him, and said, "I can promise to make a scholar of you, if you will pull *forward* now, as you have hitherto pulled *back*."

"Aunt Mary—I want to know how long Robert kept so nice. Boys always look nice at school on Mondays."

"To tell the truth, Robert came with a dirty face on Tuesday—on which Mr. Pem-

berton rallied him about rising too late to get ready for school, and gave him ten minutes recess to go home and wash. No one but Willie knew why he went home, and he was commissioned to let Robert know that the next time the dirty face came, ten minutes could not be spared, the washing must take place in the school-room. This was enough. Soiled collars and dusty shoes, Mr. Pemberton let pass, knowing that as the boy's self-respect increased, he would pay more regard to his appearance. He was soon as neat as the boys generally."

"But, Aunty, I want to know just how he got along. He must have been very different from the rest, *always* — was he not?"

"Most of the boys had spent the years he had wasted, in learning languages. They knew the meaning and power of words which to him conveyed no idea. His History, &c., were to him like sealed books; he could generally make very little sense of his lesson in reading it over, and though always in his place on the recitation bench,

he seldom attempted to recite. Instead of being feruled for *missing*, as it is called, he was rewarded by an encouraging word whenever he ventured to speak. The recitation was so little formal, and mingled with so much conversation and illustration, that Robert frequently learned his lesson, that is, the meaning of it, which is the only true knowledge, in the class; as he proved on reviewing day, by giving it in his own words. He had no mean stock of knowledge too, which no one dreamed of his possessing. The book of nature had ever been open to his observing eye. He had communed with her, when he had seemed shut out from other converse. His mother laughed at his weeds and rocks, as she called them, and would not allow the house to be cluttered with any of his things, but he had made a museum in an old tool-house; he had also laid up many curious facts in his memory which were brought out by the master in talking over the subject of a lesson in philosophy or botany, and he rapidly rose in the respect of the class. He

had an intelligent and original mind, but diffidence and want of sympathy had hitherto locked up its treasures."

"I guess, Aunty, he never lounged on a gate after that."

"I suspect he had not much time for it. He was often pioneer to the boys and Mr. Pemberton in excursions for flowers and minerals, and a favorite assistant in arranging specimens."

"Well—where is he now? You don't tell stories half as well when you are at work, as you do in the twilight."

"What is the reason of that, do you suppose?"

"Nobody can mind two things at once."

"Right, I must give my attention wholly to my work, now. I have told you a very long story."

"Will you please not to count those stitches till you have answered one question more? Henry asked it just now. Where is Robert Marsh?"

"On a geological survey,—I do not know exactly where he is at present, but he is an

eminent scientific man, and I once heard him deliver some very curious and entertaining lectures."

The boys now brought in their satchels. "I wonder if Robert had an evening lesson," said John, gaping. "I can't keep my eyes open," groaned Henry.

"You can make a morning lesson of it if you choose, by rising early," said Aunt Mary. "The morning is a better time for study."

"So 't is for play. What are you laughing at? To be sure, I should not care, if we had a pleasant master, and were contented *in* school."

"I do n't know that you have any reason to complain."

"Why, if we whisper, or do n't do just *so*, we get it, I can tell you."

"Or if we miss the least word. I do n't like such a strict master."

"Then you are an ungrateful boy. Do n't you see that fifty restless urchins like you, in a room built with such a miserable economy of space, would disturb each other,

under any other discipline? And is it no trouble to enforce it?"

"But to recite to Mr. Pemberton—"

"You would have found yourself under the necessity of coming up to his mark. Robert soon found he had as much decision as gentleness. A paraphrase in which he had neglected capitals and stops was returned to him with the sponge passed through it, as a token of its not being accepted. Robert sulkily remained idle, and Willie after urging him in vain to do his task again, went to another seat.

"Ha?" said the master—"Idle, Robert?"

"I've done it once," said he, with a look of dogged resistance. When his class was called the master motioned him back to his seat, though with a smile of perfect good humor, as far as Robert could judge. He had half a mind to repent, and go to work, but hardened himself with the thought of some postponed vengeance.

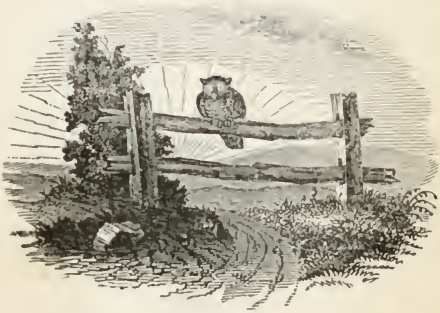
"Put your books into your satchel, Robert," said Mr. Pemberton, when school was done. He only stared and pouted. "Your

own good sense must tell you that unless I am to direct you, and you to follow my directions, I can be of no further use to you. If you need compulsion, you must go elsewhere; I have enough to do, to direct willing industry."

"But why wouldn't you look at my—"

"It is not you who are to direct my actions, but I yours. I have not time for lessons half got, nor to give a reason always for a command. I am sorry to part with you *thus*."

Robert yielded at once, and when he promised obedience, Mr. Pemberton told him he should never abuse his rights over him, but govern him for his own best good. He then shook hands with him and dismissed him.



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